



The American LEGION

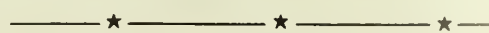
M O N T H L Y

JANUARY 1934

25 CENTS



MARSHAL | LEONARD | MARQUIS
PÉTAIN | H. NASON | JAMES



IT TAKES HEALTHY NERVES

FOR JAFFEE TO BE THE WORLD'S CHAMPION SKATER



IRVING JAFFEE

Winner of 1,000 medals and trophies, including 3 Olympic Skating Championships, Jaffee has brought the highest skating honors to the U. S. A. Asked recently if he was a steady smoker, Jaffee said, "Yes, but that goes for Camels only. I have to keep my wind, you know, and healthy nerves."



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Steady Smokers turn to Camels

You've often seen his name and picture in the papers—Jaffee, the city-bred boy from the U. S. A. who beat the best Olympic skaters that Europe had to offer, and became the skating champion of the world! Speaking of speed skating and cigarettes, Jaffee says: "It takes healthy nerves and plenty of wind to be an Olympic skating champion. I find that Camels, because of

their costlier tobaccos, are mild and likable in taste. And, what is even more important to a champion athlete, they never upset the nerves."

Change to Camels and note the difference in your nerves...in the pleasure you get from smoking! Camels are milder...have a better taste. They never upset your nerves. Begin today!

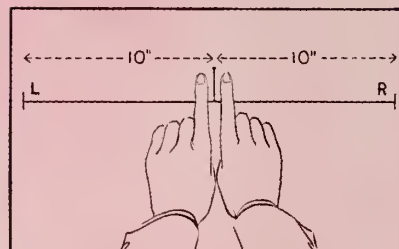


IT IS MORE FUN TO KNOW

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE tobaccos than any other popular brand.

HOW ARE YOUR NERVES?

TRY THIS TEST



Draw a line 20 inches long on the edge of a newspaper. Stick a straight pin in the exact center. Place a forefinger on either side of the pin. Close your eyes...try to measure off quickly the distances by moving both hands at the same time. Have a watcher stop you when you reach the edge. See if both your fingers have moved the same distance. Most people try this at least six times before both hands come out evenly.

Frank Crilley (Camel smoker), famous deep-sea diver, completed the test on his second try.

CAMEL'S COSTLIER TOBACCOS



NEVER GET ON
YOUR NERVES

NEVER TIRE
YOUR TASTE

WHO WAS *this* Soldier Chief?

By Frank B. Linderman



OF ALL the Indians in the Northwest the Cree-Chippewa band now occupying the Rocky Boy Reservation in northern Montana cling most tenaciously to the ancient sun-dance.

Made outlaws in 1885 by their joint participation in the Riel Rebellion north of the Canadian line, where they belonged, the Crees had drifted into northern Montana to meet even greater misfortune. Skin-hunting white men had already depleted the buffalo herds on the Montana plains to near the vanishing point. Other game was growing scarce. The Crees and Chippewas having now neither home nor country faced actual starvation. Driven from the outskirts of cities and towns where they lived upon the contents of garbage cans and the offal from slaughter houses, they somehow carried on without once forgetting the annual sun-dance.

Always, since 1885, the writer has been formally invited to these dances, and many times he has attended. Last June at the tribal sun-dance there were many Cree and Chippewa guests from Canada, and as usual the old men of the bands belonging on the Rocky Boy Reservation made me a formal visit in my lodge, bringing with them the more important men from north of the line. Among them there was an old man, small and fine-featured, whom I had never before seen. His white hair, his apparent age, his bearing, and particularly his eyes attracted me. I wanted to

WHEN the American Flag of thirteen stars and with George Washington's shield was given to the old Cree's grandfather veterans of the Revolution were still active. He has given it to his nephew

know him. When I began to speak to my guests in the lodge I saw that this old warrior from Canada was very deaf. He edged nearer and nearer in his anxiety to hear, his fun-loving eyes seeming to laugh at the infirmity of his ears. When I had finished speaking the Chief and other prominent men talked; and then this old man arose. "May I speak?" he asked with all the grace of a courtier.

"Yes," I answered readily.

"I am old," he began, his fine eyes as bright as a boy's. "I have traveled far. I came here from near Whitewood in Canada to be with my relations at this sun-dance. My intentions are honorable. I will do no wrong here, and will go back across the line when this sun-dance is finished. I have heard of you for many years. I know that you got this reservation for these people, and they are my relations. I have wished many times that I might see you, and now I have. I have heard you talk, and have shaken your hand. My time here on this world is short. I may never see you again. I may never see another sun-dance. This is all I have to say unless you will permit me to tell you a story. Will you?" he asked, leaning heavily upon his staff.

"Yes," I said.

"My grandfather was a Chippewa Chief," he began. "He was born at Red Lake, Minnesota, and so was my father. When my grandfather was a middle-aged man a (Continued on page 56)

For God and country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.—Preamble to the Constitution of The American Legion.

JANUARY, 1934

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OPEN SEASON ON ELMERS IN EVERY STATE

THE hunting season for rabbits, quail, pheasants and ducks may have closed in your State, but it's still open season for Elmer. Elmer is the service man still outside the Legion, the fellow everybody was asking about and looking for at the Chicago convention. He's a good-natured but absent-minded cuss, easily caught on the dotted line. Make sure your Post Membership Committee gets him and other eligibles so it will reach its quota while the season is young.

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*Names and addresses given on request.

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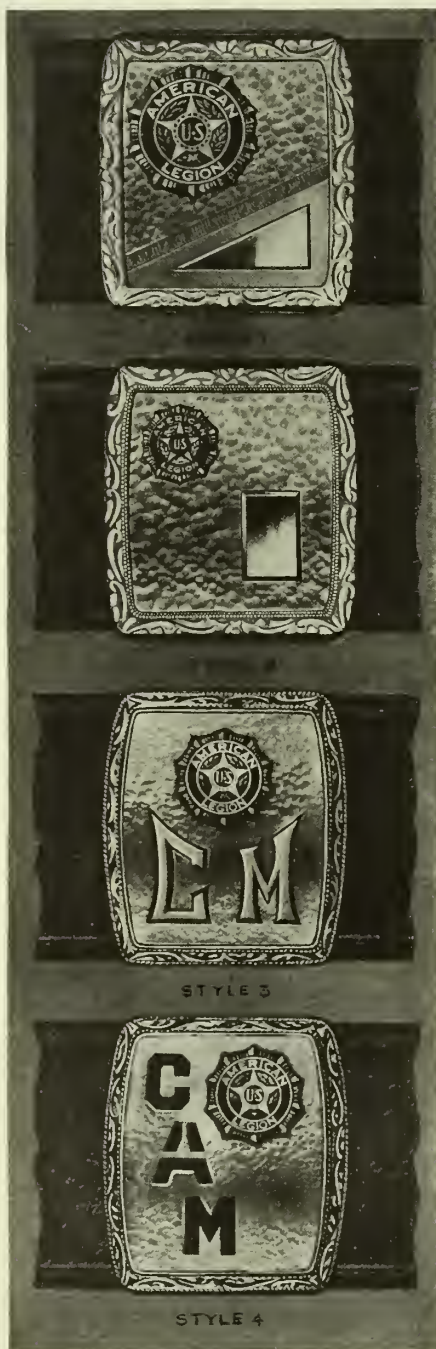


For the Legionnaire

BELTS AND

● PERSONAL

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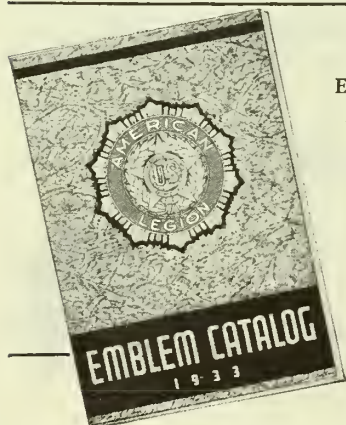
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ON LES AURA!

*The Story of a Historic Battle Cry
Narrated by Its Author*

MARSHAL PHILIPPE PÉTAIN

*in an Interview with
Bernhard Ragner*

HISTORIC phrases are never made to order. No man, by taking thought, can add a cubit to his stature, or write a Gettysburg Address, or create a deathless battle-cry. If a phrase is to survive, if it is to provoke the sacrifices and the loyalties of men, it must transcend the personality of the man who first utters it; he must speak not for himself but for millions of agonizing human beings striving with him to defend or advance a sacred ideal.

As is inevitable, legends speedily grow up about flaming watchwords of this character. Rival contenders for primacy hurl the ugly charge of plagiarism, making it difficult to separate fact from fiction. Everybody, alas, does not possess the rare sense of honor and abnegation which impelled General Pershing to tell the true story of "Lafayette, we are here!" and to designate Colonel Charles E. Stanton as its real author. And yet it is seriously to be questioned if the General's noble renunciation will ever destroy the popular legend of his authorship.

Similar legends cluster about "They shall not pass!" and "On les aura!" Both phrases have been attributed to Marshal Pétain. What is the truth in the matter? How and when and where did they originate? To procure an authoritative reply to these questions, I called upon the seventy-seven-year-old Marshal Pétain and asked him to state the exact facts. He received me with soldierly courtesy; he answered my questions with utmost candor. The result may be summarized as follows:

"They shall not pass" did not come from his pen. "On les aura!" did, as General Order No. 94 (to be quoted later) attests.



Marshal Pétain, ranking survivor of the French high command in the war, as he spoke at Yorktown, Virginia, in 1931 at exercises marking the 150th anniversary of the battle which ended the Revolutionary War. General Pershing is seated back of the Marshal

Said the Marshal: "'They shall not pass' is a phrase to whose fatherhood I make no claim whatsoever." He used the emphatic double negative of the French language.

"These words were upon every lip in the army of Verdun at the beginning of the battle. As the poilus clenched their fists and strained every nerve to prevent the enemy from entering the ancient citadel 'They shall not pass' was born. In concise, simple form, this prophetic watchword expressed the savage determination which dominated all ranks, soldiers and chieftains alike, and this fact probably explains why it has been repeatedly quoted as coming from the Commander of the Army. But, in all frankness, this phrase did not originate with me."

Before such an honorable, voluntary renouncement, I was prompted—by contrast—to tell the Marshal that amusing story of Whistler and Wilde. One day, it seems, Whistler uttered a clever epigram of particular piquancy. "I wish I had said that," remarked Wilde with undisguised envy. "Don't worry, Oscar," admonished the American painter consolingly, "You will."

This anecdote amused the Marshal, but I recognized at once that he is made of different stuff. No such envy lingers in his make-up. Since

he is devoid of everything which resembles vanity he has no regrets about not having invented this historic phrase, even though it was later on transmuted into sublime sacrifice and sterling heroism.

With what eloquence Marshal Pétain evoked the epic battle of Verdun! I shall strive to resurrect some of it, but in my own words. Perhaps in my humble attempt (*Continued on page 46*)

HAPPY NEW



With a surf thundering a hundred yards off, returning soldiers on the transport Northern Pacific celebrated January 1, 1919, aground off Fire Island, New York

ON CHRISTMAS DAY, at the embarkation hospital at Kerhuon, over in back of Brest, they got us all up at four o'clock in the morning. We were going home. Like everything else in the Army, you had to stand in line for it, and we'd been standing in line for two days, only to have the clerks announce every afternoon just before dark, "No more embarkations tonight."

Well, Christmas Eve, when they shut off, most of us despaired of ever getting out of France that week, but we were pretty well over getting hot and bothered about anything by then, so we went back to the wards calmly. But the order to get up at four A. M. brought some howls! That hadn't been necessary before. Anyway we got up—what else could we do?—and rattled along

the duck boards to see what kind of a breakfast we'd get at that hour. Not much. Stir-about and coffee, and bread left over from supper. A cook has to celebrate Christmas Eve as well as anyone else. We made some crab about the quality of the put-out.

"Well," announced the mess sergeant finally, "you guys will all get a good old navy Christmas dinner on board the boat anyway. So pipe down."

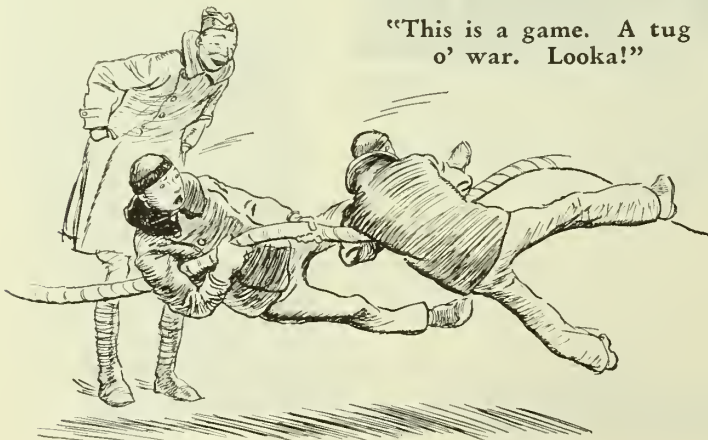
"Yah! We ain't on it yet!"

"Ne'm mind. You'll be on it. Official. I heard it this morning. That's why the early chow! They're gonna clean you birds all outta here!"

True. They did. I've often thought since how simple a thing it was to embark a bunch of wounded soldiers as compared to the regular tourist embarkation at a French port. We didn't have any baggage, just a cotton bag with one brush, tooth, one brush, shaving, one razor, G. I., and one cake of soap. You could put the whole works in your pocket. And when you finally got up to the clerk you'd had your eye on for three days, he just asked your name, made a mark on his list, and gave you a little green paper tag, about the size of your thumb nail. Then you went out and got in an ambulance, and when said ambulance was as full as it could cram, with passengers on the running board and back step, said ambulance went away down to Brest, and dumped its cargo on a wharf.

Christmas Day dawned bright and fair. We all sat there on the dock and looked into the harbor and tried to figure out

"This is a game. A tug o' war. Looka!"



YEAR

by Leonard
H. Nason

Illustrations by
Herbert Morton Stoops

FIFTEEN hundred men, wounded in France and returning home, watched their ship pounding to pieces on an island almost within sight of the Statue of Liberty. Would they be casualties of the sea as well as of the land?

which boat was going to take us home. We thought we'd never had a finer Christmas present in our lives than a trip back home to God's country. The war was over, and we were still alive, and we'd been in battle and got wounded, and now we were going home, covered with glory and salvage uniforms. After we had thought this thought, we'd begin at the beginning and think it all over again. Along about ten o'clock we began to wonder what the hell was holding us up here, and if we were going to spend the rest of our lives on that condemned dock. At eleven a lighter showed up, and some of the soldiers climbed hastily aboard her. Others figured that they might as well wait, because the way that lighter tied up to the dock, it looked as if it meant to stay there. "Hey, sailor, yuh gonna take us out?" Thus to one of the lighter crew.

"Sure. This afternoon. The ship won't sail without yuh, don't worry."

"This afternoon? Not before then?"

"Naw. This is Christmas Day. We're goin' up the quarters 'n' have Christmas dinner. You wouldn't want us to miss our Christmas dinner, would you?"

"An' how about ours? Where we gonna get ours?" This from some hundred and fifty anxious inquirers.

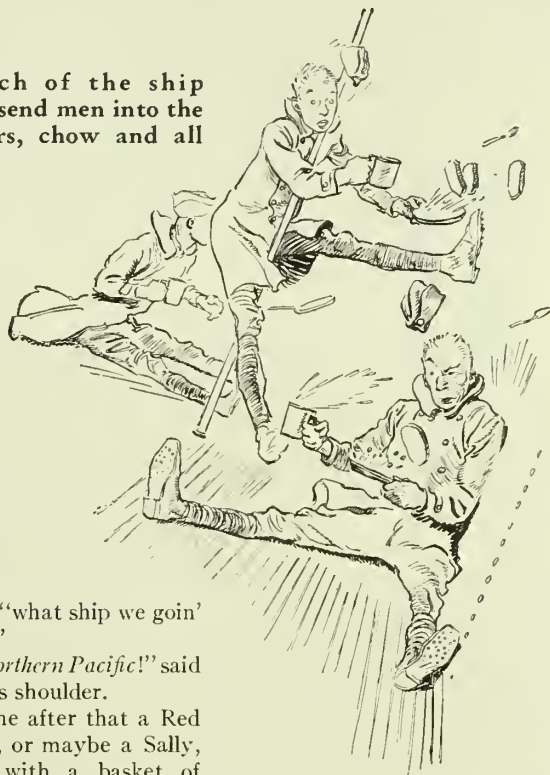
"We dunno," said the crew of the lighter. "You'll have to take that up with the Army." And as an afterthought,

"They'll feed yuh on the ship when you get aboard."

"Hey, sailor," said I, as they were going off

Under water
most of the
way

A lurch of the ship
would send men into the
scuppers, chow and all



the dock, "what ship we goin' home on?"

"The *Northern Pacific*!" said he over his shoulder.

Sometime after that a Red Cross girl, or maybe a Sally, appeared with a basket of doughnuts. Some of the boys took them, but most of us refused with thanks, because we had that lil' old Christmas dinner in mind, and didn't want to spoil our appetites.

The lighter crew came back finally and began to take us aboard, and so after a time, out to the harbor and to the *Northern Pacific*. She was quite a big boat, with two stacks, and a big wooden searchlight tower forward. They told us afterward that she had been in the Pacific trade, and had been brought around especially for fast transport work between Hoboken and Brest.

"Aha," said we, "but how about our Christmas dinner now?"

"Christmas dinner? Too late. Where do you think you are? This ain't no cooked-to-order wagon!"

"Cheese! We haven't had no chow since four o'clock this morning!"

"No? Well, go down to the dining room then, and see what they got."

We didn't spend much time in the dining room. The cooks did what every army—or navy—cook does when unexpected guests arrive; they issued out the old can of gold fish and the mitt full of hard tack. Nix. I couldn't even be bothered to take mine up on deck and throw it overboard.

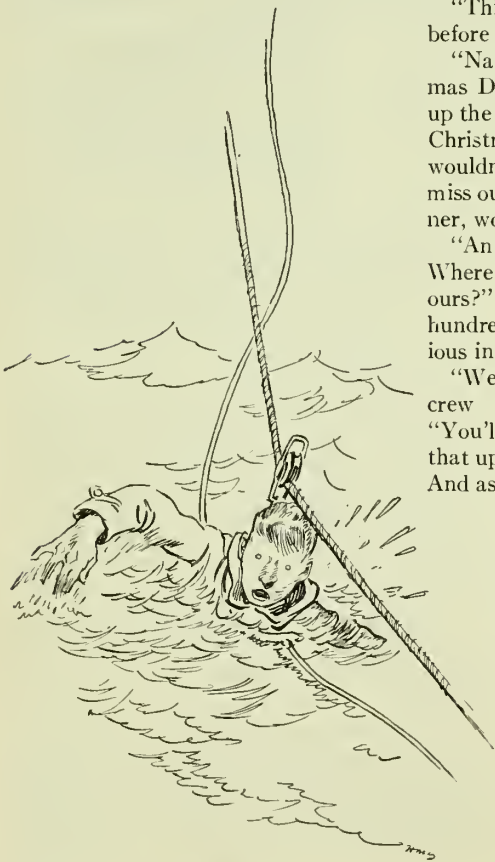
There was great crab that afternoon, believe me. The sailors got up the mudhook immediately after we got aboard, and out of Brest went the *Northern Pacific*. After their work was done, they had time to console us on the loss of our dinner.

"Tough!" agreed the flatfeet. "But then that's army and navy life, you know. But don't worry. Your New Year's dinner you'll have in God's country. We'll have you ashore for New Year's, that's a promise."

"Yuh didn't miss much," confided a so-called sailor to me.

"This wagon eats rotten anyway. No food. Looka, on the trip out we only had pie twicet. In seven days! Can yuh tie that?"

"Sailor," said I, solemnly, "do you know I haven't had pie once in two years?"



"Ah, you army guys up on the lines, yuh been livin' on the fat o' the land. Ain't everyone been goin' without meat an' sugar so's you can have it?"

"So I've heard, but I never saw any of it. The only time I saw sugar in nine months of front line service was when we stole some reserve ration cases off the 26th Division that had enough sugar in them to give each man in the squad a spoonful."

"Well, you'll get plenty now. When you get ashore, you can eat yourself black in the face on it."

There were about fifteen hundred wounded men on board, that is, convalescing from wounds, and two hundred and fifty well soldiers from the Coast Artillery that had just got to France in time to see the Armistice signed. They were supposed to wait on table for the cripples, do K. P., and make themselves generally useful in return for their passage home. They did their work with a will, too, and looked at the wounded with a kind of awe that the wounded did not have for each other. Thus the wounded would greet each other.

"Where did you get hit?"

"Marcheville."

"I never heard of it. Someone clout you wit' a bottle?"

"Naw, I got wounded by a shell. You never was on the front, that's the reason you don't know where Marcheville is. There's guys got hurt besides in bar room fights, but you don't know it. How could you?"

"Gwan, you, why my division was shock troops while you was still readin' the paper to find out where the war was at!"

"Shock troops! Huh! The only shock you guys ever got was when the first jerry shell came over, an' you ain't got over it yet!"

So we passed the days in argument and the nights in sleep. The only unhappy people on the boat were some poor wretches in sailors' uniforms that had been orderlies in the naval hospitals, or clerks in naval bureaus in Paris or elsewhere and were now being repatriated, the finish of the war having made their presence superfluous. They thought they were to be passengers, like us, but it seemed that the old barnacled C. P. O.'s on board refused to allow anyone wearing a naval uniform to be a passenger. These poor men, having no sea experience, were naturally ill. But did any member of the ship's company see them rendering homage to Neptune—

"Stand clear o' that rail, you fathom o' bilge! Dirtyin' the paint work, eh? Lay forrard an' get a chippin' hammer! You'll chip an' paint that plate, by God, an' see if maybe you'll learn sea manners!"

Or, "Spit to wind'ard, huh? Who yuh think you are, admiral of the fleet? Come wit' me to the double-bottom. You can spit there

'til your tanks are dry!"

Then they had these poor lads running about in search of a mythical Mister Hawe. (Who the hell yuh want?—Mister Hawe, sir! —Well, I just seen him goin' down the chain-locker! Run fast, maybe you'll catch him), or the key to the starboard watch, or star-grapplin's, or a pair o' stern sheets for the patent log. This amused the soldiers very much, and the time passed very agreeably. We were going home, the war was over, we had done our part, and were looking forward with pleasure to telling our girls about the Germans we had smeared, and of the battle, and of showing our scars, which, being new, were very red and awesome to look upon.

So, then, almost before we realized it, we came to the last day at sea. An order came out in the morning that wireless messages would be accepted to parents at cut rates, so I sent one to mine, saying that I was coming in on the *Northern Pacific*, that all was well, and that I would reach New York on New Year's Day. I don't remember much about that last day except that I was reading a book in one of the old barber chairs in what had been the dining room, and some rough sailorman said to me the old saying, "Can't sit there, soldier! Big dance tonight. New Year's Eve."

"Dance? With who?"

"Nurses. Nurses 'n' officers. Ain't seen any nurses? Enlisted men ain't allowed to see 'em, that's right. Well, shove off, now—git goin', soldier. Gotta git ready."

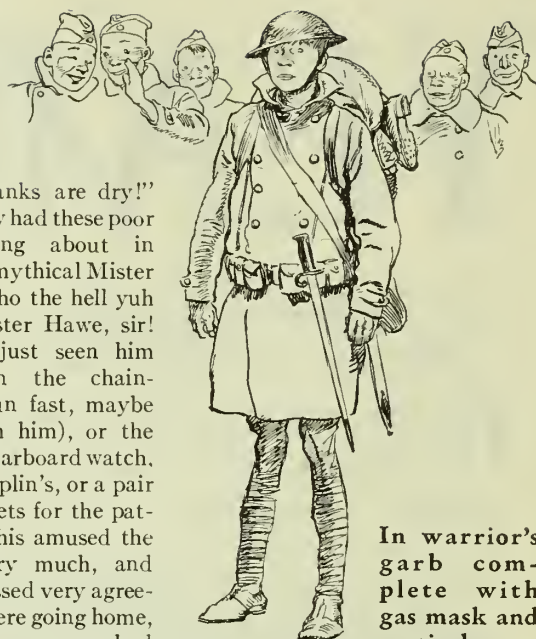
Well, let 'em dance. More power to 'em. I went to my bunk, on the very lowest deck in the ship, to get all the sleep I could, and get up early in the morning to see God's country again. I noticed that there

wasn't very much elation or jollification on that ship the last night out. Those wounded men were still quite solemn. I guess they'd been so close to the Pearly Gates they were still wondering if it was true that they were really this side of them.

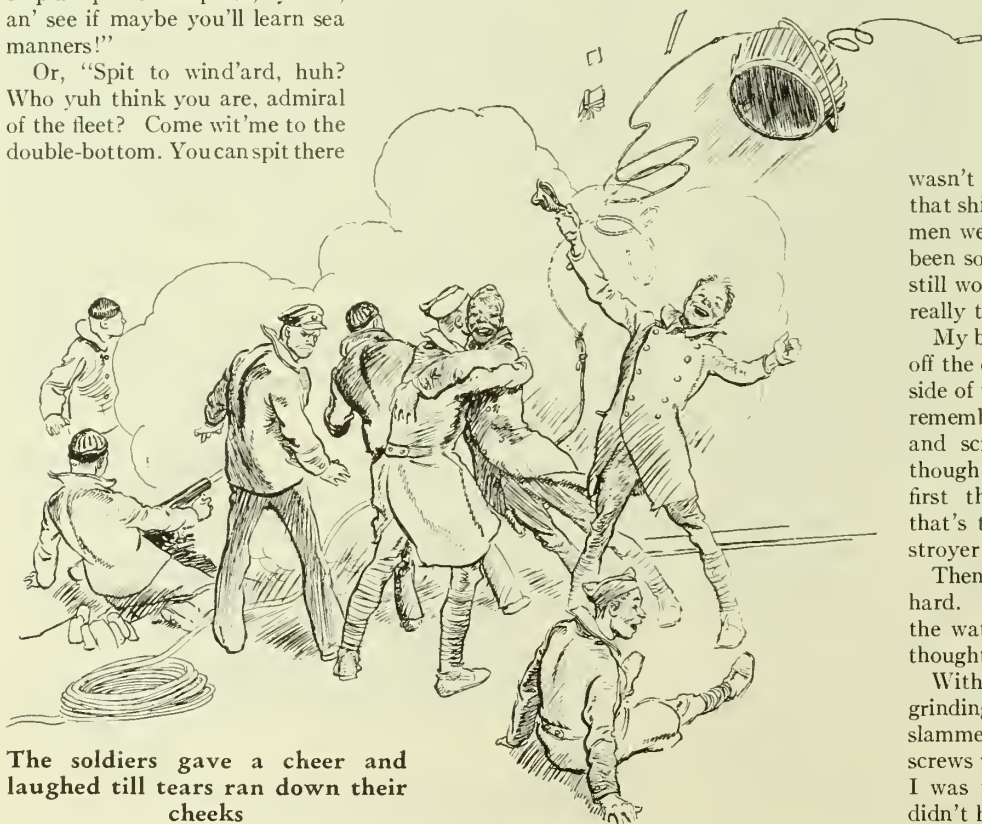
My bunk, as I said, was just about an inch off the deck, and the deck was just the other side of the double-bottom from the ocean. I remember I heard dimly something scraping and scratching, then a series of raps, as though a hammer pounded on the plates. My first thought was depth bombs, because that's the way they sound, when some destroyer is dropping them away off.

Then I heard the screws go into reverse, hard. They thumped and hammered, and the water made a terrific racket. "Ah," I thought, "Quarantine already."

With that the *Northern Pacific* came to a grinding stop, just as though someone had slammed on the brakes. But all the time the screws were turning in reverse at full speed! I was fully awake by then, and since we didn't have any pajamas, and it was winter,



In warrior's garb complete with gas mask and tin hat



The soldiers gave a cheer and laughed till tears ran down their cheeks

all I had to do was to put on my shoes and I was dressed. I went on deck. I wanted to see Quarantine anyway. I'd gone to bed early for that purpose. As I hit the second deck up, an excited officer with a drawn pistol was placing a sentry at the head of the ladder.

"Don't let a man up until I give the word!" he said. "Shoot 'em, if they try to rush you!"

Oho!

I was on deck in a couple of more jumps. There was a light right under me, so it seemed, that came from a fisherman's house. Farther away was another light, apparently a beacon. Then from the front part of the *Northern Pacific* went up a rocket and somebody lighted a flare or a tar barrel. I'd been to sea enough to know what that meant. We were aground. But where?

The wind was blowing to take the teeth out of a man's head, and there was a surf thundering not more than a hundred yards away. We shipped a sea about then, on the upper deck, that wetted me properly. While I was still cursing, and regretting I hadn't brought up my kapok life preserver, I saw a red flare way, way up the beach. It was some coast patrol answering our distress signals and I knew that we'd been seen and that they'd be after us. Oh, boy, but those breakers made an awful noise!

At daybreak we could see better where we were. There was a long beach that vanished in the rain and mist on both sides, a lone fisherman's house, and a grass crested dune. That was all. The wind was blowing a gale, driving before it rain and spray that stung like shot, and the dirty lead colored seas were pounding the old *Northern Pacific* with sledge hammer blows. Away up the beach was a knot of men that, as it finally drew near, dissolved into a group of life savers, dragging a life boat on wheels. It seemed to be hard going through the sand, but they kept at it and finally got down opposite the ship, where they took off a lot of gear and began to set up a gun to shoot a line out to us. That boat looked awful small away over there on the sands. There were fifteen hundred wounded men on board, all of us men that could hardly go down a

stairway. Go ashore in that boat through the breakers? How many trips would it take? How would they ever get us over the side and into it?

There was some whistling, pounding of feet, and shouting. Some sailors had come up and were swinging out the *Northern Pacific's* boats. I went over to seaward to see what was going on there. There was a lone destroyer standing off and on, and rolling her bilges out of water. She couldn't hold many of us, either, and if she came in any closer she'd go ashore herself.

"That all the fleet can get out here to help us?" I asked one of the sailors that was stripping the canvas cover off a boat.

"It's New Year's Day," said the sailor. "Everybody will be on liberty! There won't be enough sailors in New York to man a cat-boat!"

He was scared, that boy was. His lips were green.

"Can you swim, soldier?" he asked, as he went on undoing lashings.

"Uhuh!" said I. "Well, I guess I'll go down and see about breakfast."

I went down, and so did the tide. By the time I had got to the chow line, the ship had begun to "work." She was out of water now, so that she was top heavy and the waves were rolling her back and forth. The boys in the chow line were having a hard time to keep their feet, let alone their places. Oh, yes, there

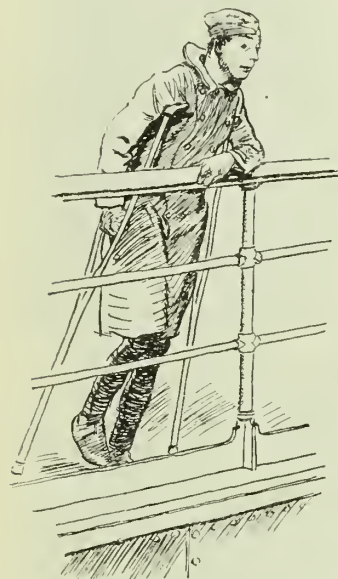
was a chow line. A soldier soon learns that he'd better take food when he can get it, regard-

less of what comes next. Prayer and provender never hindered a journey, even to the Promised Land. So the chow line hung to stanchions, or what it could. But when it got through the door, boys with their messkits in one hand and a handful of knife, fork, spoon and collapsible coffee cup in the other, the fun began. The ship would lurch and away would go ten or fifteen men into the scuppers, chow and all. Great laughter from those who were at a table. None of them seemed to know our situation or care if they did. A ship to them was so strange anyway! Maybe this motion was usual. Maybe every ship that came into New York hung up on a beach first. They didn't know just what to expect, you see. This was their first experience at coming home from abroad anyway.

It wasn't long, though, before the word got round. After breakfast everyone was allowed on deck, the sinister idea being that if she broke in two with the pounding, at least the passengers wouldn't be trapped below. It wasn't so much fun now, either. The life savers on the beach couldn't get a line out; the wind blew too strongly. They fired and fired, but the line would curve back to shore again with the wind and then they'd have to haul it in.

No matter how far back in the woods or the corn belt a man has come from, he's seen pictures of a shipwreck and a lifeboat crew and men trying to get a line out to a stricken vessel. The realization that they were in a tight place went over that crowd of soldiers in a wave that was visible to the naked eye. It was sad there for a while. We lined the rail and watched the seas leaping alongshore and that desolate beach and the men struggling to get a line out to us. The passengers on the *Northern Pacific* had all been through the battle. We'd all sat and watched dirt jump just the way those breakers did, only it was from the barrage, and we'd known that maybe our minutes were numbered and that we were smoking our last cigarette or taking a chew off a plug for the last time. You were awful (Continued on page 43)

The ship was beginning to smell a little high



About fifteen hundred wounded on board



We lined the rail and watched the men struggling to get a line out to us

HISTORY UNDER OUR EYES

The Story of Eight Vivid Months in the Chronicle
of America

By Marquis James

AS THESE lines are written, in late November, the calendar is evidence of the fact that March, 1933, is only eight months behind us.

But actually it is an era behind us.

In those eight months as much has happened that affects you and me and will affect your children and mine as has happened in any eight months of peacetime in American history. March, 1933, belongs to a day that is done and dead. We are holding the wake and the funeral of a deceased economic and social régime and enduring the birth-labors of a new régime at one and the same time.

The result is considerable confusion. Events pass in review too rapidly to keep an orderly account of them, let alone attempt anything like final judgments.

Yet a certain amount of summing up and orientation seems possible even at this active stage of the proceedings; and if possible, certainly it is desirable.

Gradually the true character of the New Deal is being brought home to us. For a while last summer many thought it possessed of magical properties which were going to zoom us out of this depression without further trouble, the stars in their courses being witness to the fact that in the four years past we had had trouble enough. This false expectation was encouraged by the enthusiastic utterances of some of the official agents of the New Deal on whose words we simple laymen cannot rightly be censured for relying.

But now we see that there is nothing magical about the New Deal. Nor is it an aspirin tablet that effaces the symptoms of a headache without removing the cause. On this score there has been a good deal of criticism of late, but it is mistaken criticism. Whatever the shortcomings of the New Deal the fact that it has refused the rôle of the aspirin tablet, and instead is reaching down into the vitals of our economic disorder and grappling with first causes, is a great point in its favor. Not only are we striving—and thus far succeeding, whatever may be said to the contrary—to cure a current illness, but striving also to correct the maladjustments which brought on that illness. And in this I think the New Deal is succeeding also, though it is slow sledding, naturally. For the benefit of the impatient, which means most of us, it may be well to say here that world recovery is under way and that the United States, though unable to keep up the sprint of last summer, is still ahead of the procession.

By contrast reconstruct in your mind the state of affairs prevailing the first week of April last. I happened to be in Chattanooga, Tennessee, at the time and there met an old friend, a newspaper proprietor, who had just returned from Washington as an emissary of a group of employers who wished to get a bank reopened so that they could meet payrolls, keep men in employment and enable them to keep food in their houses. Mr. Roosevelt had been in office four weeks. In that space of time every bank in the United States had been closed, and about three quarters of them allowed to open, though in some cases the open-

ing was not much more than a crack in the door. The country was beginning to realize that things were not going altogether to smash, though most of us were a little groggy.

Chattanooga's emissary had been able to show the Treasury that the bank he represented was solvent. It was permitted to resume business and the payrolls were met. Chattanooga's emissary was more than a lay student of economics and history, and he was personally acquainted with some of the highly placed members of the new Administration. His bank errand performed, he had lingered in the capital for a few days trying to size up the general picture in the light of certain inside slants he was able to get from official quarters, plus his own intelligence. I asked him what it all meant—a presumptuous question for those uncertain days when the average man could not see twenty-four hours ahead.

"It is," he said, "an eight-billion-dollar gamble."

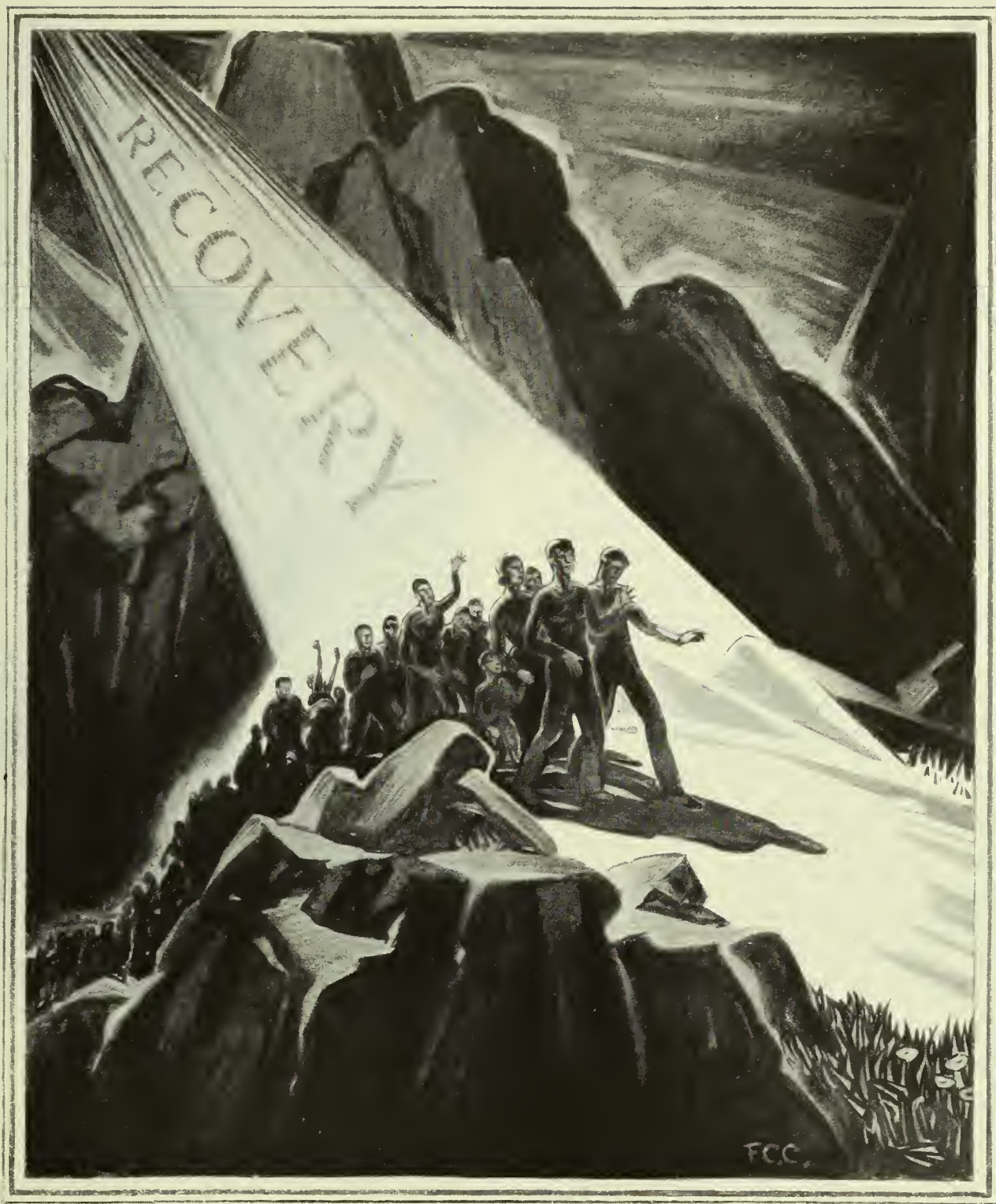
During the cyclonic seven months that have elapsed since my visit to Chattanooga I have recalled those words many times. They were true when uttered, they are true now—except that the casual eight-billion-dollar estimate was a billion or so too high. And naturally, my friend used the word "gamble" as an informal synonym for "experiment," and a few days later the President himself in one of his radio talks confirmed the trial nature of much that he proposed to do. Moreover he said that he did not expect to succeed in everything he undertook. He promised to discard quickly any plan that failed to work.

No general wins every skirmish in a war. He need not win every important battle, and even may lose a campaign and still

WITHOUT partisan bias and without personal prejudice, Mr. James, Pulitzer prize winner in biography in 1930, presents herewith the first in a series of articles which will seek to reduce the fast-moving drama of recent and contemporary America to an ordered picture. Insofar as it is possible to turn news into history while it is still news, Mr. James in his articles will bring to a focus the momentous events of our own time, and will seek to interpret their significance in as judicial a temper as he has brought to bear on his unprejudiced appraisals of Sam Houston and Andrew Jackson

come off victorious. It will be the same with Mr. Roosevelt's war against the depression. The President has undertaken so much that minor, and perhaps major, defeats are inevitable. But if in the end his triumphs outweigh his failures he will win. So far this has been the case, which, considering the nature of things, is all one can reasonably expect at this stage of the contest.

Two and a half million persons were working on November 1st who were not working on March 1st. In October employment



Drawing by Forrest C. Crooks

dropped a little from the September peak, but that is one of the ups and downs of the game. Prices are better, business is better and pay checks are larger than a year ago. True, prices are not as good or business as brisk as they were last summer. The early summer boom was an unnatural condition brought about by a combination of things, but chiefly threat of inflation, speculation, and certain extravagant predictions emanating from official quarters at Washington.

European observers had the proper perspective at the time, and said that we were moving too fast and could not keep up the pace. Now we know that they were right. The best thing about that rash little flurry is that we caught ourselves when we did, so that the bump was not as serious as it might have been. For surely as fate, the way things were moving last June, we were

headed for another 1929. In July we still thought we could get along with an aspirin tablet. Now we are aware not only that we needed a major operation, but have undergone one. We are out of the ether and in the first stage of convalescence, but this does not mean that we are well by any means—as if I need tell anyone that.

One of the first privileges of a patient when he comes out of the ether is to talk back to the doctors. We have begun to do that, and in January, when Congress meets, Dr. Roosevelt and colleagues will hear plenty. In the main I think this will be a good thing. The American people have dealt fairly with the President. Last spring they placed in his hands greater powers than any Executive has ever possessed, even in wartime. With an appreciation, if not an understanding, (Continued on page 50)

YOU'RE *the* BOSS

By Arthur Van Vissingen, Jr.

THE Bigger the Business, the More Eagerly and Earnestly Does It Attempt to Find Out Just What Its Customers Really Want—and That's All Consumer Research Is

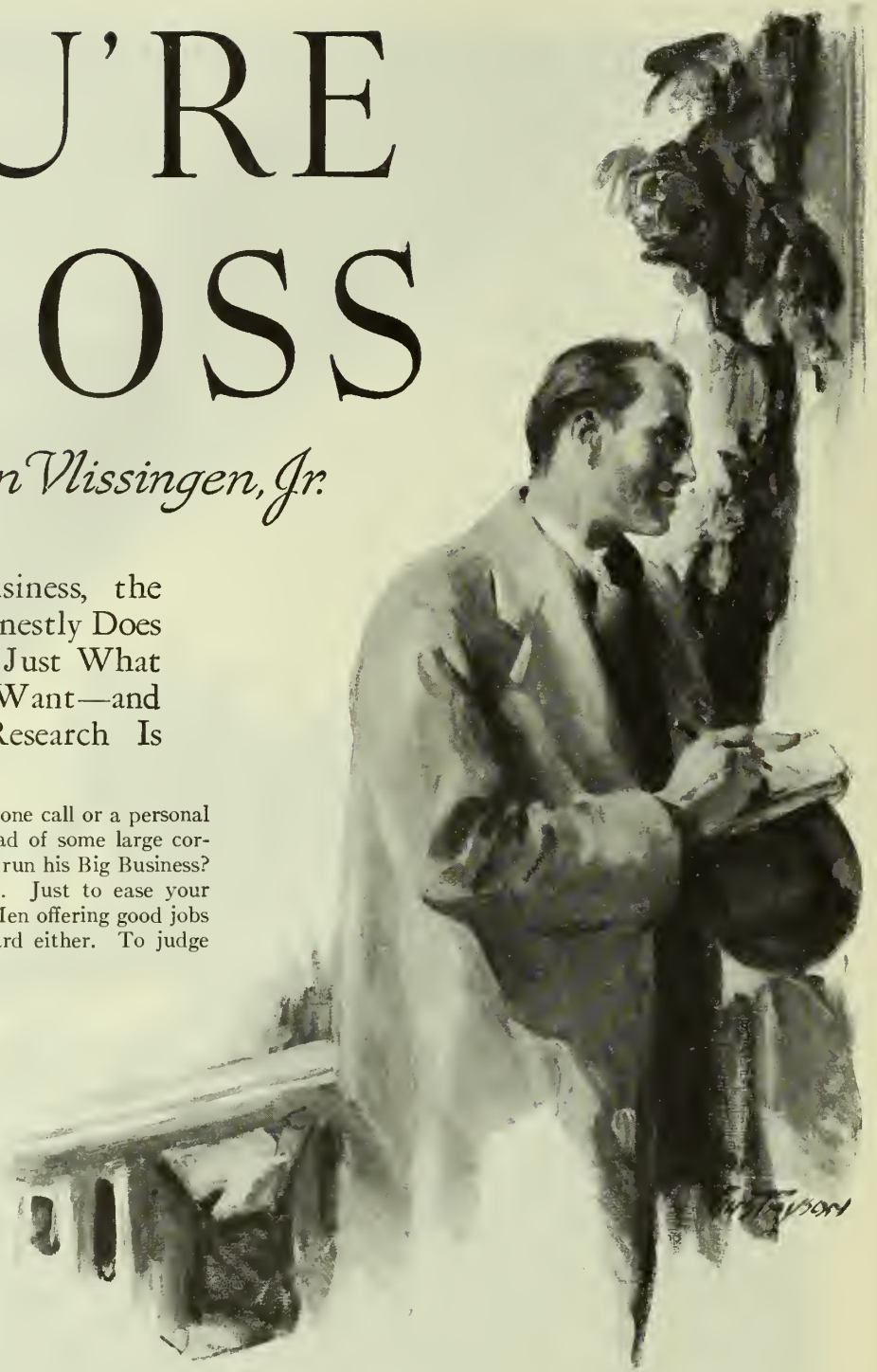
HAVE you had a letter or a telephone call or a personal invitation recently from the head of some large corporation asking you to help him run his Big Business? If you haven't, don't feel hurt. Just to ease your mind, let me blurt out that Big Business Men offering good jobs have not been cluttering up my front yard either. To judge from all the invitations that have come my way, there never has been a time when Big Business felt so entirely competent to handle its own affairs without outside help. Do I hear you yessing that remark? Things have been the same way with you, eh?

Oddly enough, there never has been a time when the men who operate large corporations were so sincerely in search of your advice and mine as they are right now. Partly, of course, because after the licking they took at the hands of the depression they have been humbled from their old self-sufficient complacency. But even more because it is apparent to anybody who reads the papers or listens to the radio speeches that John Public feels his oats. If Smith and Company fall far short of offering him exactly the kind of merchandise or service that he wants, or fail to put it up in a handy package, John does his buying from Jones Brothers. John used to be pretty slow about shifting away from his favorite brands and favorite stores. These last few years he has been awfully quick on the trigger. He wants what he wants the way he wants it.

If we had time and space to consider all the causes and all the effects of this touchiness of John Public's, we should cover a whole lot of ground. We should have to start with that phrase with which the French greeted every unlucky phenomenon between 1914 and the end of 1918: C'est la guerre. For it has been a characteristic by-product of the major wars of the past hundred years that they aroused in the peoples who fought them a post-war consciousness of their own power and of their top importance in the scheme of things. After a war the people of almost every major nation have expressed their wishes unmistakably in respect to a lot of things about which they were pre-

viously too meek to raise their voices. All of which has accounted for several overthrows of established forms of government here and there on the map, for the sudden withering of Smith's Scrub-sweet Soap Powder as Jones's Brushbetter Bathtub Beautifier took its place in the markets of the world—and for the recent rash of questionnaires which has broken out on the face of the United States. Various as these may seem, they are all manifestations of the general realization of the common people's power and their determination to have what they want—or at least as near to that as they can get.

It is with the questionnaires, and the policies behind them, that we are here occupied. Lately our family mailbox has assayed out about six times the yield of questionnaires per pound of postal matter that it ever yielded before. Earnest young men bearing pads, pencils, and assurances that they have nothing for sale have jangled the doorbell from breakfast time until dark. What has previously been a blissfully peaceful eighteen-hour train ride, during which a serious reader could catch up on all





Bearing pads, pencils and assurances
that they have nothing for sale

his serial stories in *Ribald Ranch Romances* and *True Western Weekly*, now is broken by a worrisome hour of answering a lot of difficult questions in the little folder that the conductor personally deposited in the passenger's hands about half an hour east of the Union Station. And in place of all the souvenir gadgets that were formerly considered the vested right of the confirmed visitor at state fairs and turret-lathe expositions, the man who has paid his admission—the woman too, for that matter—emerges with a pocketful of printed matter consisting of inviting blank spaces which entice him to write his personal reaction to such sprightly questions as: "Which of the following qualities do you consider of chief importance in buying turret-lathes: Cutting speed? Symmetrical curl of the turnings? Precision? Adaptability to varying types of work? Please number in order of importance."

Do not misinterpret these comments as either a plaint about being asked to give an opinion or as lack of respect for the spirit that actuates the other fellow to ask the opinion. As a matter of fact, this development is one of the most significant and important trends in American business today. It is important and significant not only for the effect it will inevitably have on the business which employs it profitably but also for the improvement it will surely bring in the merchandise and services that you and I must buy. It has already brought exactly these advantages to us in a good many instances on which we shall

presently touch. And at the rate the trend is gaining momentum, it will bring us far more and far greater benefits in the early future than we have as yet had time to experience.

In the dictionary of the men who are doing it, this type of activity is known as consumer research. What it means is that you and I and the rest of us are running Big Business now, by request of Big Business. What it will mean presently is that you and I and everybody else who is in business for himself must apply the same principles—though not necessarily the same methods—to our enterprises, to make them as profitable as they can be made. Consumer research, after an inconspicuous childhood and boyhood during the past ten or twelve years, has suddenly grown to man-size stature and to adult strength. As a stripling it could be ignored. As a grown-up it is so powerful, and daily so increasing in power, that we must all reckon with it, must add its strength to our own.

If you have to use the long-distance telephone as much as I do, you recall a change that took place six or eight or ten years ago, depending on where you live and where you call. Before that time, making a long-distance call was something of a chore. You told the operator the connection you wished. She agreed to call you when it was ready. After a good many minutes, occasionally after half an hour or more, your telephone rang. You shouted "Hello" repeatedly, while in the distance faint voices talked vaguely. After your patience was pretty well exhausted, the circuit was completed and you held your conversation. It was wearing, it was not always too prompt, it was mildly unsatisfactory.

Quite unexpectedly to most of us, this process suddenly changed. One day you called the long-distance operator and told her you wished to speak to Mr. Whoozis at New York, Murray Hill 2-7820. She made the surprising response, "Please hold the line." Then you heard her ask someone for New York, in a jiffy you heard her ask a New York operator for your number, ten seconds later you heard her ask for Mr. Whoozis. And lo, half a minute after you placed the call, while you still held the telephone to your ear entranced with all the interesting things that were going on, you were told, "Here is Mr. Whoozis. Please go ahead." It was astonishing to an experienced telephoner, it was almost dazzling in the satisfactory way it answered all your previously suppressed desires about long-distance calling. It made the task a pleasure instead of a chore. It got you action in thirty seconds instead of thirty minutes. And whether you consciously decided to or not, thereafter you made more long-distance calls.

That shift by the telephone company was the result of one of the earliest and most spectacularly successful pieces of consumer research. The telephone company had started out by making some investigations in a couple of cities to see what its customers thought of its service and how they would like the service improved. One of the facts unearthed—apparently to the surprise of the telephone experts—was that people did not regard the long-distance service with the reverence they were popularly supposed to feel toward it. When they were asked how they would like it improved, they poured out the pent-up annoyance of long years of waiting impatiently for hurry-up calls to come through at somebody else's convenience. So the telephone company tried out the new method on a couple of important long lines. It increased the long-distance business so tremendously that there could be only one decision. Despite the fact that the new method demanded a considerably heavier investment in plant and in many other expenses, it was adopted. And it not only made friends for the telephone company but also it increased revenues and profits.

At about the time that the American Telephone and Telegraph Company was thus proving the hitherto unknown proposition that the customers can help to run Big Business and make it pay better, another Big Business organization was starting independently along the same lines. Executives of the General Motors Corporation had found in their (Continued on page 52)

★ *The National Commander Says—*

IF WE'RE READY to FIGHT, We Won't Have To

LAST October, when the President of the United States went to Washington College to receive an honorary degree, the Adjutant General of the State of Maryland, who was also chairman of the National Defense Committee of The American Legion, made arrangements to have a battery of artillery on hand to fire the Presidential salute.

The Adjutant General was, and still is, a firm believer in the motorization of the Army. To have a horse-drawn battery available to greet the President that Saturday would mean that the outfit would have to leave its base on Friday morning and return sometime late Sunday. So the Adjutant General called the commanding officer at Fort Hoyle and asked if he might borrow a motorized battery. Borrow it he did; the outfit left Fort Hoyle Saturday morning, fired its twenty-ones with gusto, and was home again Saturday night. The Adjutant General—his name is Milton A. Reckord—recalled also that during army maneuvers at Fort Bragg, North Carolina, during the past summer a battery of motorized artillery forty miles distant moved to the front and was ready to go into action within an hour. In the old days—days, for instance, as old as 1918—it would have taken them three days, and they wouldn't have spent one of those days resting, either.

I cite these examples as indication of the fact that the Legion's national defense program does not envisage an army (or, for that matter, a navy) constructed exclusively on the model of the brave old days of 1918. Please understand that I am not implying that our Army and Navy of 1918 were antiquated mechanisms as of that date. They most certainly were not. We could build then, and we did build then, and with the ablest technical assistance in the world we had further the advantage of being able to profit, almost from one minute to the next, by what Europe was able to offer us, from 1914 to 1917, in the shape of suggestions put to actual test in the field. We did not have to concern ourselves, for instance, about whether the tank was a sound technical weapon. The British took the theory out of the tank in 1917, and as soon as the British (and the Germans) knew that the tank was an efficacious arm we knew it too. Next time we may not be so lucky.

But times change, and machinery changes with them. Already in some departments of military activity we have progressed as far since 1918 as 1918 had progressed since the era of the blunderbuss. The American Legion, then, does not wish to see our two great defensive arms preserved like relics on the basis of fifteen years ago. The Legion insists that Army and Navy alike shall study these new developments with all the intelligence and skill at their command, and shall adopt such of these suggested innovations as meet the test of service.

Often one of these suggested innovations is made the cause of long argument between two schools of experts, and here the Legion is wise enough to wish to leave the settlement of the dispute to these experts. A few weeks ago, for example, the U. S. S. *Chicago*, a cruiser of the ten-thousand-ton eight-inch class, was in collision with a tanker on the West Coast. Of the pros and cons of the collision I have nothing to say, either as an ex-gob or as your National Commander. I only wish to point out that the collision initiated a wordy war between high-ranking naval officials regarding the worth of this type of warship. Such debates are necessary if we are to progress in matters pertaining to

LaHayes

national defense, and the more the public generally interests itself in the merits of these enlightening disputes, the more lively will be the general interest in the affairs of the Army and the Navy. It is well for the American people to appreciate occasionally, even if most of us are unable to follow the technical intricacies of the argument, that in Washington and elsewhere we have experts who are perpetually busying themselves with the study of the latest developments in defense machinery.

On the question of the motorization and mechanization of the Army, however, it would be difficult to arouse much of an argument in the mind of any one who has any slightest appreciation of the defense problem. It was for this reason that the Chicago National Convention included in its detailed and clearly-worded resolution on national defense a clause recommending the prompt modernization of our entire military establishment, urging particularly that from funds now authorized for use on public works there be allotted amounts sufficient for the motorization of the Regular Army and the National Guard, for mechanization of a reasonable number of tactical units of the Regular Army, and for making good existing shortages in the Army Air Corps program.

It is the Legion's belief, and the most casual study of the situation proves it, that not only military efficiency but public economy will be served by the abolition of every army post and military and naval station which is not necessary in fact to adequate preparedness. Many of our Western posts date back to the days of Indian raids and some of them are still maintained in districts where the younger generation at least has never seen an Indian.

"The American Legion does not seek the creation of a vast military and naval machine. It insists upon the creation and maintenance of an adequate military and naval machine, constructed and kept in existence solely as a measure of defense"

The situation affects the East as well, for along our Atlantic seaboard are naval stations which date back to the days when these stations were separated by many days' sail. As a corollary to the abandonment plan the Legion of course recommends the expenditure of the necessary amount of money to place really necessary posts and stations in good condition, and the construction at these points of adequate housing facilities for the families of officers and enlisted men.

The Legion appreciates the fact that local opinion is generally against the abandonment of obsolete posts, for obvious reasons—the economic benefit of having the post nearby and the natural



A sane program of preparedness is the best way to keep war from our shores

and commendable pride felt locally in the history and traditions of the post. But the larger good of the whole nation must be set before the accidental advantage to the individual community.

In line with this same thought is the Legion's conviction that army and navy penal institutions should be abolished. No, the Legion does not believe in turning the hardest-boiled eggs in both branches loose on the public. But let military and naval culprits sentenced to servitude for major offenses—offenses that are felonies in civil as in military life—be sent to established Federal penitentiaries; let those who are guilty of the less serious types of peacetime offenses simply be thrown out of the service. There are plenty of high-type young men in America who, in

the words of the convention report of the National Defense Committee, are both "deserving and willing to live under military and naval discipline." The advantage in economy here is obvious, but let us not forget also that the discharge of minor malefactors will increase both efficiency and morale by turning prison guards back into soldiers and sailors, which is what they enlisted to be.

The American Legion does not seek the creation of a vast military and naval machine. It insists upon the creation and maintenance of an *adequate* military and naval machine, constructed and kept in existence solely as a measure of defense. The Legion stands four square for the (Continued on page 45)

CHARTING *the* COURSE *for* 1934

By Frank E. Samuel

National Adjutant, The American Legion

The National Executive Committee has set as the main legislative objectives for 1934 the enactment of the Four-Point Program on Rehabilitation, the fulfillment of the Chicago convention's program on National Defense and the adoption of a Universal Draft Act

MEMBERSHIP in The American Legion was at the flood tide in November. Six weeks after the Chicago National Convention, when the Commanders and Adjutants and the National Executive Committee-men from all the States gathered at Indianapolis, they learned that the Legion on November 17th had 68,000 more members than it had on the corresponding date in 1932. All over the country new members were enrolling in posts without being urged to do so. Old members were prompt in re-enrolling.

Sixty-eight thousand men constitute an impressive gain. They would make two full army divisions at wartime strength, with an extra regiment thrown in. They would equal the population of such a city as Racine, Mobile, Roanoke, or Binghamton.

But even more significant than the actual number of the membership gain was the outstanding fact that posts all over the country were finding that new spirit among service men which marked the end of whatever doubt and confusion had existed the year before. When the annual telegraphic roll call of the States was held November 17th, State after State reported substantial enrollment increases until the total stood at 281,034, or thirty-one percent of the 904,391 members who constitute the national quota for 1934.

Nevada led by enrolling sixty percent of its quota, Canada was second with 57.39, and Arkansas, with 59.75, had 53 percent. Wisconsin reported 15,600 members, 52 percent of its quota. Next in order were Georgia, Louisiana, Maine, Rhode Island, Alabama and the District of Columbia. Texas reported 12,831 men already enrolled, Kansas 12,893, California 22,376, Ohio 15,282, Illinois 25,418, Indiana 11,000, Pennsylvania 11,796, New York 12,797. In many of the States the roll call came just as the first intensive membership campaigns for the new year were starting.

The membership gain of 68,000 was only one indication that the Legion finds itself reunited for the year 1934, after the difficulties of the last two years created, first of all, by the depression, second, by the systematic effort of enemies of the service man to create dissension in his ranks, and, finally, by the passage of the Economy Act.

National Commander Edward A. Hayes in his addresses to the Conference of Department Commanders and Adjutants and to the meeting of the National Executive Committee emphasized that in carrying out the program set for 1934 by the Chicago National Convention the Legion will have a unanimity of thought and purpose which it has never known before.

The Legion's program is sharp and clear-cut. There is no mistaking its policies and its objectives on all the issues. Commander Hayes pledged his determination to procure in the months

ahead the sweeping revisions of the Economy Act contemplated in the Four-Point Program on rehabilitation which is now so well-known that it stands as a beacon to guide our main effort. Another outstanding effort of the Legion in 1934, it was determined at the meetings, will be to bring to service men who are sufferers from the depression the full rights granted to them under the Government's huge-scale employment and relief program. Service men have been denied in the past two years the employment preference given them by law on certain Federal works programs, but in 1934 the Legion will scrutinize all employment projects throughout the country to insure that veterans are employed in accordance with their legal rights.

The National Executive Committee in effect wrote the Legion's legislative battle orders for 1934 by adopting a major legislative program comprised of three divisions: 1. The Four-Point Program





The shrine room of the Indiana World War Memorial, shown on the opposite page, was dedicated on last Armistice Day. The tower with the shrine room is the central point of a memorial plaza which covers five city blocks in the heart of Indianapolis

dealing with disabled veterans and their dependents; 2. National Defense; 3. Universal Draft. At the same time, the committee instructed the National Legislative Committee to strive for the accomplishment of objectives included in a secondary legislative program.

In working for the four-point rehabilitation program, the Legion will ask the President and Congress to effect necessary changes in provisions for disabled veterans by the enactment of laws rather than by changes in Veterans Administration regulations. The Four-Point Program on rehabilitation and the 1934 National Defense program were described in detail in the Monthly for December. The Universal Draft proposal has long been one of the Legion's national objectives.

Included in the secondary legislative program are the following:

ADJUSTED COMPENSATION: The elimination of all interest on Adjusted Compensation loans.

AMERICANISM: Legislation to modify present laws with reference to tax-exempt securities. Legislation to restrict the sale of ma-

chine guns and all lethal weapons. Legislation to restrict pacifist propaganda in schools and colleges. Opposition to the Griffin Bill which would permit aliens to be naturalized without taking the oath to serve the country in time of war. Opposition to the establishment of diplomatic or financial relations with Soviet Russia.

CHILD WELFARE: The support of the Child Labor Constitutional Amendment.

CIVIL SERVICE: Legislation to clarify the meaning of the word veteran as applied in civil service preference. Legislation to require acceptance of military and naval service in computing experience in Civil Service Commission examinations. Legislation to restrict to citizens the handling of mails. Preference for veterans in concessions in all federal public buildings.

DISABLED VETERANS: In addition to the Four-Point Program, these additional measures are sought: Removal of the 90-day minimum-service clause in the present law with reference to veterans' benefits. Legislation to prevent (*Continued on page 48*)

What You Should Know about

WINE

An Expert Re-Introduces Two
Once Well-Known Dames de
France, None Other Than the
Vin Sisters, Rouge and Blanc

by
Louis H.F. Mouquin

WHEN I was a very small boy I attended daily a study class without parallel in America. My classroom was a restaurant. My desk was a table covered with a spotless linen cloth. In a variety of filled wine glasses each day's lesson stood before me. Under the ferocious eye and ready hand of a severe but beloved mentor I sipped from a glass, then named its contents. Woe to me if I called a Volnay a Pommard, an error so trifling both geographically and by taste that it is inadequate to compare the slip to a New England schoolboy unable to decide whether St. Paul or Minneapolis is the chief city of Minnesota. A shower of earnest cuffs was my punishment for such failure.

Throughout my childhood that wine lesson was regarded by my family as the most important part of my education, because the name Mouquin through three generations has carried high prestige in French wine importation.

My wine teacher was my grandfather, Henri Mouquin, who, hearty, hale and mentally alert today at the age of 98, is a perfect testimonial to the benefices of physical health and mental vigor attending the life-long use of good wine. Coming to America at the age of sixteen with a capital of \$26 and establishing his first wine house four years before the outbreak of the Civil War, Henri Mouquin generally popularized French wines among the élite of New York and the East. Presidents Grant and Theodore Roosevelt, Cardinal Gibbons and Commodore Vanderbilt were among his patrons. As well known in France as in America, grandfather once sipped wine with the last Napoleon and his consort Eugénie at Versailles. As a member of the Ninth Infantry serving under General Winfield Scott he was in the bodyguard attending the Prince of Wales when the young man later to be known as Edward VII first visited this country on a mission of good will nearly three-quarters of a century ago.

In turn my father, Louis C. Mouquin, and his brother, Henri, Jr., were taken into the business when they reached manhood, and while two family restaurants (the first established in 1864) became noted gathering-places for gourmets, the importation and sale of fine wines was always of major importance. Yet when the business had grown to national proportions often I would see grandfather, father and uncle all neglecting vast wholesale orders to spend their time sampling and discussing vintages with retail buyers.

Such an atmosphere of intimate personal contact is part of the wine business. In its consumption no less than in the sale of it a



**The first step
in manufacture
—grapes being
dumped into the
wine-press**



The human element is still all important in the gathering of the harvest

leisurely contemplative spirit is an essential to full enjoyment. All the intolerance of Henri Mouquin's character is centered in a brusque contempt for such modern accessories as the airplane, the automobile and the telephone. He denounces all such "conveniences" as enemies of leisure—for leisure and wine drinking he properly regards as synonymous. Aside from economic encouragement to increase the use of wines after Repeal by reason of relatively excessive taxation on hard liquor, I believe that the greater general leisure impending from a planned national economy will provide always-hastening America with the necessary spare time to drink wine as it should be drunk.

Having presented my credentials as an expert on French wines, I venture to recall certain fundamental lessons in wines and their uses to those American World War veterans who first sampled the pleasing and justly famed beverages of France fifteen and sixteen years ago.

At the outset we should examine what at first glance appears to be a great paradox. Undeniably France is a nation of bibblers. Alcoholic beverages, but principally wine, are generally drunk by her peoples from the cradle to the grave. The alcoholic beverage bottle is no less a symbol of French sustenance than the familiar loaf of bread.

Yet rarely did an American doughboy see a Frenchman under the influence of liquor. I have spent approximately ten years of my life in France and in all that time never, literally never, have I seen a Frenchman intoxicated—which I hasten to define as indecently or objectionably drunk.

Thus apparently the law of cause and effect does not operate when the nation which consumes the most alcoholic beverage per capita is also the most temperate nation in the world. It amuses

me to hear some uninitiated expert explain that phenomenon by saying that the French people are so saturated with alcohol that their bodies have built up a toxic resistance which leaves them impervious to its influence. The truth is that the admirable

French moderation is achieved by treating all alcoholic beverages as an adjunct to food, not as a thing in itself to be used for a kick to the nervous system.

France classifies all of her beverages in relation to food—the aperitifs to stimulate the appetite, wine (which is the beverage companion of food), and digestives (cognac or cordials of high alcoholic content) to stimulate the gastric juices when the meal is ended.

The Frenchman, it should be emphasized, takes but a single aperitif before a meal and a single digestive at its close. And it is only in the better middle-class families that those auxiliaries are used. Wine is the indispensable beverage which accompanies all meals and is served to all members of the family. Mere infants are given watered wine, with the ratio of water reduced as they grow up. Generally at the age of twelve children are permitted to drink the family wine undiluted. (A good wine never is diluted except in the case of small children.) The important point is that as the wine is taken with food it is absorbed with

solid substances so that there can be no ill effects.

Throughout France the average consumption of wine per person is two bottles a day per adult, a bottle of wine with each meal, or a total of 48 ounces. That seems like a lot of drink, but the alcoholic content is no more than that contained in two American cocktails. The difference is that the American cocktails go into an empty stomach—the wine accompanies food.

Abroad wine usually is served only at luncheon and dinner, although in the country it is often used (*Continued on page 53*)



"Come, fill the cup!" In the wine cellar the vintages are tested from time to time as a check on the aging process

OUT *of the* LINCOLN COUNTRY

by
Philip Von Blon

FROM the Wabash, on whose lyrical banks the candlelights gleamed through the sycamores in a more glamorous Indiana age, to the Sangamon, in the heart of Illinois, stretches a vast plateau. After you have driven across the Wabash at the Indiana town of Montezuma, leaving behind you the fields immortalized by the scent of new-mown hay, you enter upon this great Illinois plain which meets the horizon at the four points of the compass. If it is November, you are surrounded by squares and rectangles of plowed fields, acres of standing corn and scattered bits of woodland. And if you keep on driving an hour or more at top speed past these fields and woods, with only an occasional town, you come to the glorified banks of the Sangamon and the city of Decatur.

Over much of this Illinois plain the ground is as black as the crows which flap noisily to the treetops as you drive along. It is land black with the richness of ages of swamp vegetation, for a century ago, when Decatur was a frontier settlement, this whole region was covered with marshes and prairie grass. The pioneers who pierced this wilderness rode through lush grass that reached to a horse's belly, and flocks of ducks and geese rose thick from the swamps as they passed. The early history of this section of Illinois is the history of the settler's triumphant battle to turn swampland into cornland.

Just a little more than one hundred years ago a gaunt boy who had left behind him an Indiana home rode through the Illinois wilderness with his parents to the banks of the Sangamon. A bronze tablet in a public square in Decatur marks the site of his resting place on a night in 1830. The boy was Abraham Lincoln. His name was destined to be forever associated with the name of Decatur. On a farm eight miles south of Decatur he made his first home in Illinois. In Decatur he was first mentioned

for the presidency—in 1860. One of the dreams of his life was to make the Sangamon navigable, and that dream inspired a patent which he took out for a system of locks and dams. To Decatur the youthful Lincoln often returned to plead law cases when he was practicing in Springfield. Decatur has made a monument of the log courthouse in which he appeared, and the early court records of Macon County contain priceless documents in his handwriting.

When you drive today from the Wabash to Decatur by way of the Indiana town of Montezuma you pass over one of Uncle Sam's newest concrete highways—U. S. 36. If you draw a straight line on the map from Montezuma to Decatur the line will touch along most of its length the course of this high-speed motor road. There are a few twists in the road as it leaves the Wabash and spirals to the plain above, there are winding turns as it approaches Decatur, and at one or two points between there are tiny kinks. But for most of the seventy-five miles U. S. 36 runs as the crow flies. They will tell you thereabouts that it is the longest straight stretch of concrete highway in the United States, and you will believe it.

U. S. 36 continues eastward in Indiana, with many a hill and many a twist and turn, to Indianapolis, the National Headquarters city of The American Legion.

That road is important in American Legion history this year because it is the connecting link between the home at Decatur of Edward A. Hayes, National Commander of The American Legion, and Mr. Hayes's G. H. Q. at Indianapolis.

"You can drive to Decatur in three hours," Ed Hayes told me in Indianapolis on a day in mid-November when the Legion's National Headquarters was filled with the Commanders and Ad-



Welcome home—all
Decatur turns out
to greet the new
National Com-
mander



The Hayes sextette in their Decatur home: The National Commander and Mrs. Hayes with, from left to right, Martha, Margaret Mary (standing), Catherine, and Dorothy Ann

jutants and National Executive Committeemen from all the States, gathered to discuss with their Commander the battle orders and the plans of activity for 1934.

The map said the distance was 150 miles, and it was 9 A.M. when I drove past the capitol of Indiana. The hands of a clock were registering the final minutes before noon when I drove into Lincoln Square in Decatur.

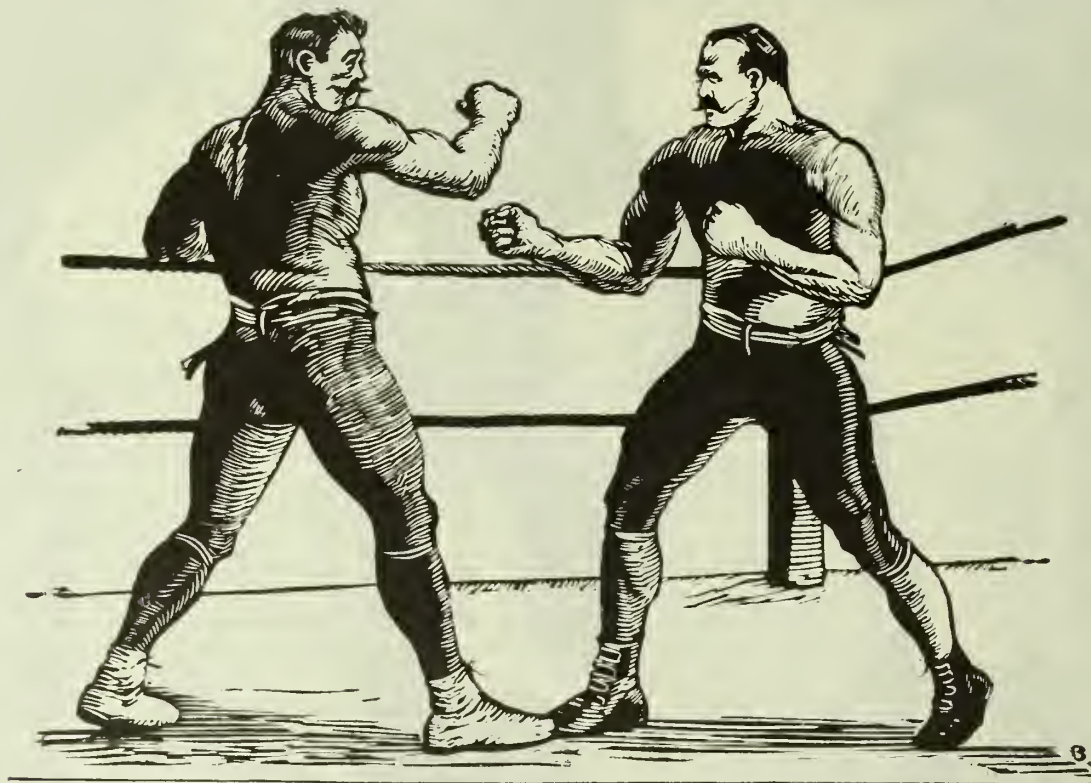
I had come to Decatur to find the scenes among which Ed Hayes had spent his life and to meet the men who had grown up along with him. I had come to fill in the gaps of my knowledge of him which remained after I had heard what every Legionnaire of the State of Illinois knew when Illinois so proudly presented him to the whole American Legion at the Chicago National

Convention. I knew that Ed Hayes had won this place of highest leadership by fourteen years of Legion service in his own city, in his own State and in the national affairs of the Legion. He had shown himself one of those persons who are blessed by ability and energy associated with a rare capacity for human understanding and human sympathy. With these qualities, he has the even rarer capacity to inspire in others completest confidence. Illinois had said he was the man to bring the Legion into a new unity of ideals and a new unity of purpose after the period of doubt and uncertainty which had been ushered in by the passage of the Economy Act and the Legion's struggle with opponents on many fronts.

Ed Hayes had risen, with uninterrupted (*Continued on page 41*)

CHEESE IT *the* COPS

By Richard
Matthews
Hallet



Bare fists and an unlimited
number of rounds



THERE were three men of the eighties who could handle John L. Sullivan. One was Muldoon and he was world's champion wrestler, and did it with a hammer-lock. One was Billy Hogarty, the hair-dresser in Dover Street, Boston; but Hogarty had to have a razor on John's jugular to talk turkey to him. Curly Jim McGee was the third.

In the beginning, John L. and Curly Jim were like brothers, and as with most brothers, they quarreled. They began life together as tow-horse boys for a horse-car line in Boston. Saturday nights they boxed at Tom Earley's 'friendlies' on LaGrange Street, but Curly Jim was no match for John with his mauleys. Who was? When Jim and John toured together, Jim was the diplomat. If John wrecked somebody's bar, Curly Jim knew how to make light of it, patch up a truce. And when Sullivan at Denver carelessly broke Steve Taylor's jaw for him one Christmas morning, Curly Jim managed to turn that into nothing worse than a good joke on Steve.

Curly Jim's knack for fixing the police finally got him on the force in New York City. He and John had parted company by then, and Curly Jim's friends told him he had better steer clear of a thumper of John's known proclivities. He might be called on to arrest him and that might be embarrassing.

"It ain't likely they would try to take John in the toils," Curly Jim said scornfully.

John bore a charmed life. Even in London, in Trafalgar Square,

when a burly grenadier accidentally dropped the butt of his musket on John's toes—of all mortal toes, John L. (Longreach) Sullivan's—the riot that followed was not laid at John's door. O'Brien, M.P., jailed for favoring the Irish cause, had borne the brunt of it. And John two nights later was boxing for the Prince of Wales in rooms of the Fencing Club in Cleveland Row—and the ring-ropes were parceled with the royal blue.

A month or two later, it is true, he was arrested, following his celebrated fight with Charley Mitchell of England in the Marquis of Rothschild's back-garden at Chantilly, France. John and Charley were marched away lovingly between gendarmes' bayonets—candles, the French called these, because they kept a man from losing his way.

But after one night in Senlis jail, they were freed. The French only found fault with them because they did not fight with their feet. The mighty John was never long in the hands of the police. Reformers grumbled that the law was a tender net which netted minnows and let the great cruel sharks break through. But John did have a beguiling way with him. Sarah Bernhardt's leonine eyes had kindled with one glimpse of him in a sculptor's studio.

"M'sieu Soolivan," she had cried, in her rapid golden French, "you are like that god of glory, Napoleon."

God of Glory. That was exactly yours truly, John L. Sullivan. Of course the fight with Mitchell added nothing to that glory. After thirty-nine slippery and gory rounds, it had ended in a draw. John was appalled and so were his admirers.

John L., a goblet of champagne in his hand, put out his foot to the spinning barrel

"Lock the two of us into a twelve-foot room and see which one of us comes out," John stormed at Curly Jim. They were in Bartholdi's on Broadway and Curly Jim looked mistrustfully at that row of cocktails at John's elbow. There was another John mixing into John's affairs—John Barleycorn. John L. thought nothing of drinking a quarter barrel of beer in a two hour sitting, or tossing off a stein of bourbon at one gulp.

Curly Jim was with him the night he opened his saloon, Dante, in New York. It had pictures of the Inferno on the walls. The bar ran out of beer, and two half barrels were sent in from a neighboring saloon. John was in the cellar with a goblet of champagne in his fist when the drayman sent one of the half barrels rolling at him. John put a leg out. The idea was to touch

the rolling barrel on its edge, and stop it by turning the roll into a spin on its bilge. This was a trick known to all barrel-handlers, but John missed it. The barrel mowed him down, champagne and all.

"First blood for John Barleycorn," Curly Jim yelled. "Down you go like a bottle-pin. It tell you, John, John Barleycorn will be champion of the world in place of you yet."

John's fight with the great Jake Kilrain was not far off. He got up and took hold of Curly Jim by his vest buttons and



A John Law of the eighties

banged him against the wall. They were bad friends again. John couldn't bear it if people got arbitrary about liquor. He went away to Muldoon's training-camp at Belfast in western New York State, and he had the shape of a bale of hay with the middle hoop busted, but Muldoon slabbed the blubber off him in jig-time. And John and Muldoon were bad friends, because the Muldoon threatened the lone saloon-keeper with sudden death if he served liquor to the champion.



John L. Sullivan of course swore that, drink or no drink, he would leave Kilrain in the shape of nothing. Maybe though he wouldn't get a chance. The cops were on his back. A lot of legislatures, too, were sticking in their oars. The New York legislature made a law that any man who left the State to fight a prize fight somewhere else was guilty of some kind of crime. The Mississippi legislature said that any man entering that State to do battle with the bare fists was guilty of another kind of crime. Since John L. Sullivan had won his crown, seven years ago, from Paddy Ryan in Mississippi City, it was a crime even to think of fighting in Mississippi. It was a crime wilfully and knowingly to punch a bag in the aforesaid State.

But John was not yet in Mississippi. He was in Rochester when Curly Jim confronted him in the baggage room. Curly Jim had a warrant for John L. Sullivan's arrest, on the ground that he was about to leave the State to do battle in another State.

"How're you feeling, John?" Curly Jim asked.

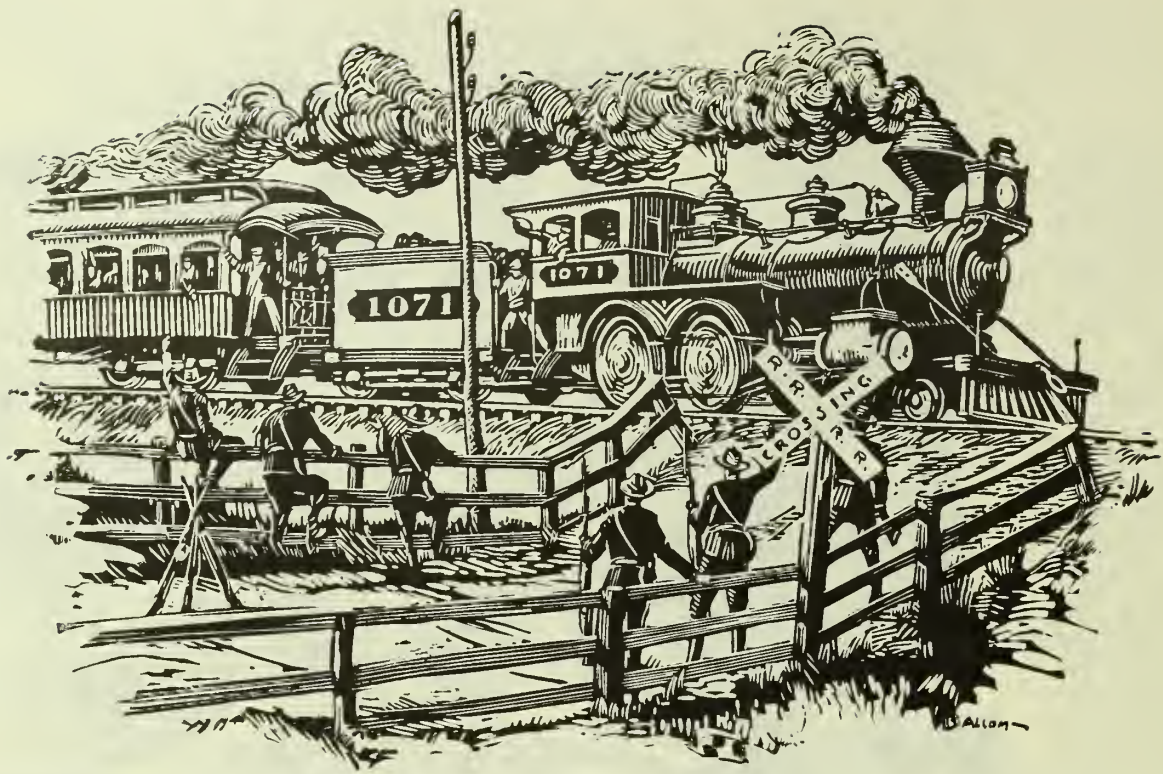
"Finer than frog-hair," John replied in that voice like a beer-wagon going over a cobbly road. And he did look in good fix again, reasonably flat, his mustaches waxed, his jaw with the right slant.

Now in making an arrest, as everybody knows, it doesn't do simply to mutter, "Come with me" and clap the darbies on your man's wrists. Curly Jim, to make the arrest legal, had to pronounce, "John L. Sullivan, I arrest you in the name of the State of New York."

And, naturally, he couldn't get it all out. In the middle of it, John bellowed, like a whale with the harpoon in him, he took his old friend by the throat, ran him back twenty paces, and dumped him. Curly Jim's head struck against a trunk-corner. He roused himself in time to hear cheers and the gun-salutes of a lot of enthusiastic soldiery cheering John's departure to the echo.

EMBITTERED, Curly Jim followed his false friend to New Orleans. What else was there for it. It was no good returning empty-handed to New York. Everybody there would say he had let John slip through his fingers. Why hadn't he simply pulled a gun on him, they would ask. But Curly Jim couldn't pull a gun on John L. Sullivan. Why, he and John had

*Illustrations
by L.L. Balcom*



But they didn't stop the train. It went over the border and the match was on

been through the mill together. They had starved in the same alleys. And Curly Jim remembered John's sitting on the edge of his bed in a hotel room, somewhere, and dumping out a satchel full of greenbacks on the counter-pane. There was John, making two rough piles, without looking at the numbers on the bills, and he shoved one pile at Curly Jim, and kept one pile for himself. What the hell! It was just another evening's work. All John had to do to earn it was knock somebody cold, and he had already had that pleasure. . . .

NEW ORLEANS, Curly Jim found, was all agog. Headquarters for the local managers were in Carondelet Street, and Curly Jim found Professor Tim McCarthy there.

"I hear," Curly Jim said, "that the Adjutant General is down from Baton Rouge. He's got Captain Beanham of the Louisiana Field Artillery to help him stop the fight."

"Field artillery," the Professor grinned. "Hell. Cannon-balls ain't no good against John L. Sullivan. He'll catch 'em like he would baseballs and throw 'em back."

"How's his belly?" Curly Jim asked gloomily.

"It's down from forty-five to thirty-nine and don't show sensitive a mite."

John, the Professor added, was in seclusion at Mrs. Green's boarding house in Rampart Street. Muldoon was sick of having his charge stared at like a prize beef. If the police wanted him, they knew his whereabouts.

"Only they don't want him," asserted Tim.

"Where'll they fight?"

"It ain't known. Muldoon himself don't know. Some say western Alabama, but that western county is pretty well patrolled. Bat Masterson was telling me they've repaired up an old switch connecting the Louisville and Nashville with the Queen and Crescent, so, if they have to, they can switch the battleground quick. My guess is Mississippi."

The warrant in Curly Jim's pocket crackled. What if he should tell the authorities here that John L. Sullivan was already a fugitive from justice, who had broken arrest? Curly Jim couldn't do it. His wrath against John died in his throat. John had five States up in arms against him, soldiers on every border, standing beside pyramids of cold black cannon-balls. Curly Jim couldn't forget that he had been the chief of John's idolaters. In youth, he had eluded the cops in John's company; and now he

loved him and pursued him lovingly as all other good policemen did. After all, they too were fighting men.

As for artillerymen, they couldn't, Bat Masterson told Curly Jim, be quick enough on the draw. And then to complicate the situation, Captain Beanham and his men had all been given tickets to the fight.

"They won't want to miss the battle," Masterson drawled. His eyes, shadowed by a black slouch hat, looked very blue. He trifled with a black string tie. He probably, Curly Jim reflected, was toting one iron, and maybe two.

"I don't look for any slip," Masterson pursued. "Say we get off for Mississippi on the Queen and Crescent. Then if the Governor wants to chase us, and the Queen and Crescent tells him all the cars and engines are away, I don't reckon the Queen and Crescent can be indicted for rebellion, can it?"

"I guess I better buy a ticket," said Curly Jim McGee.

"A camp-stool is all the ticket they are giving," Masterson enlightened him. . . .

CURLY JIM MCGEE, his throat parched, his collar wilted, and with a villainous crick in his back from sleeping in the aisle of a day-coach, was at the ring-side at Rich's Mills. He was happy. There was a good smell of sawed pine in the hot air, and the red turf had a sprinkling of sawdust. Flynn the ring-pitcher was tautening the ropes.

The crowd, three thousand strong, had come in two trains from New Orleans. Governor Lowry of Mississippi had wired the local sheriff to stop the trains at the border, but nobody had stopped them. They had charged over the line into Mississippi like a couple of stampeding buffaloes. A little soap on the tracks would have brought them up all standing, but the sheriff had not soaped the tracks. That would have meant political extinction. He had simply stood forth manfully, and called on that charging train to halt, and when it didn't halt, he took the liberty of shaking his fist at it. The engineer rang an exultant bell, the excursionists cheered wildly from windows, roofs, platforms and hog-chains. They were hilariously on their way to see John L. Sullivan knock out Jake Kilrain.

And now sweltering in the bleachers in the thick of a pine grove, they secretly put themselves in Sullivan's shoes. For the nonce, there were as many John L. Sullivans in the world as there were men who dreamed of being John L. Sullivan—just as there were

shoals of ardent girls who would fight, bleed and die for one snip of John L. Sullivan's hair, fresh from Hogarty's shears.

Flynn the ring-pitcher ran his hand lovingly over the ring-posts, six-inch scantlings turned as smooth as glass. He tightened his ropes. He was like a man tuning some exquisite instrument. Curly Jim's heart beat thick in his throat, and he held onto his camp-stool with both hands. The very air throbbed. It was a congress of scientists got together to watch the collision between an irresistible force and an immovable body.

A little man in an alpaca coat and Texas hat was seen standing in the middle of the ring. This was the sheriff of the county and it was only right he should be heard. He was heard. He called upon them solemnly to disperse and go to their homes, and they cheered him to the echo. He might as well have tried to go over Niagara on a shingle as stop this fight.

Bat Masterson, chosen a time-keeper, stood forth and courteously asked, "What is the pleasure of the meeting?" "Bring 'em up to scratch," the crowd implored.

Masterson waved his arms, and then Curly Jim McGee saw John L. Sullivan come walking toward him wrapped in a horse-blanket.

"John," Curly Jim said throatily.

John turned on him. There it was, the old furious light of battle in that black eye; a spark there that could knock over Trinity steeple. Quick as an adder, John, setting the heel of his hand against Curly Jim's throat, dashed him to the turf.

The incident was hardly noted, since, in the next second, John was through the ropes and in the ring, and had shrugged off his horse-blanket. He was in green tights, with a silk stars-and-stripes sash. A mighty shout went up, and Curly Jim split his throat adding to it. The king could do no wrong. There he stood, the king of the ring, and all these ticket-holders gloried in him. His muscles rippled. The skin of this fabulous man was toweled to the color of a tea-rose. Yes, they gloried in him, and John, vain-glorious John, gloried not a little in himself. For how could so many admirers be wrong?

"Durned if he ain't just like his picture," chortled one.

A gold-headed cane was handed into the ring. This was a present to the loser from Colonel Andrews of San Francisco.

John waved it contemptuously into Kilrain's corner. He stood shooting savage glances, and opening and shutting his fingers to supple the striking joints.

"John'll take the fight out of Jake in one punch," Curly Jim told his neighbors.

"He's got to do it early," a voice croaked. This was Tom Allen, a former champion,



**Yours Truly
John L. Sullivan**



**A saloon of his own—and himself
the best customer**

and all Tom's red chins wobbled. "If he don't lick Jake in twenty minutes, he won't lick him in a month."

"He'll lick him in ten minutes, if Jake don't keep falling down."

"Jake's got better legs," Tom Allen rumbled.

"You don't fight with your feet. Not here. Only in France," Curly Jim triumphed.

"Was John fighting with his feet in France?" Professor Mike Donovan, a Kilrain handler, asked Curly Jim. "He wasn't using his head, that's sure. Ask Charley Mitchell here. Charley drew with him."

Jake had seconded Charley in France, and now Charley was in Jake's corner. There was Jake, the immovable body, betting a thousand dollars on himself, and there was John, the irresistible force, covering the bet. They glared. Jake looked hard, but his color was only fair. Mike Cleary, a Sullivan handler, muttered that those twenty minute grab-and-swallows in the railroad restaurants hadn't done Jake any good.

Curly Jim agreed. He was heart and soul, hat, shoes and belt for Sullivan. And then, without more ceremony, the two principals were deposited on the scratch. The fight was on. Kilrain rushed at Sullivan and hip-locked him a buster to earth. In short, he threw him heavily. The London Prize Ring Rules condoned such tactics. Leap at your man, gouge him, spike him, break his back, pulverize his bones, get your elbow in his Adam's apple. . . .

Then Sullivan rose in his wrath, and threw Jake. There was a whisper that Jake was trained a hair too fine. "He's short of work," Curly Jim muttered to Mike Donovan, who stood just in front of him. Mike plunged through the ropes, but Mitchell, mighty Mitchell of the sneering lip and goading tongue, was there before him and held a dripping sponge (Continued on page 56)

The FIRST

A GREAT mound looms black on the night sky. A light gleams, star-like, at its crest. Giant trees are rooted in the sides of the mound, some of them hundreds of years old. Nobody knows how old the mound is—it is prehistoric. The people who raised it were men of the Stone Age, who inhabited this land before the Indians. Perhaps they were expelled or exterminated by the Indians. Perhaps they were the forefathers of the redskin tribes who were found in possession of America when the first white men landed. Nobody knows.

This is my first sight of a mound, and it is something truly impressive. The mound looms in a two-acre park in the center of a modern city, Moundsville, West Virginia. Lights glow in the windows around the park, but here no noise disturbs the stillness. The ground surrounding is Ohio River bottoms land, as flat as a Kansas prairie. From this the mound rises abruptly and steeply, a cone of earth with its peak chopped off. The circle around the base measures about nine hundred feet. The crest is sixty-nine feet above ground level.



At Marietta, Ohio, is a mound preserved in a cemetery—and the cemetery itself dates well back into the past, as the accompanying old lithograph proves

All we can say definitely about them now is that they vanished. Long, long ago, six hundred years at the least and perhaps ten thousand, they played their parts in this land, leaving only their crumbling bones, some weapons and trinkets, utensils, tools and seeds as mementos. These and some impressive relics of their architectural ability. Nobody knows what purposes these architectural relics served. For lack of a better word we call them "mounds." And for these vanished Americans—these First Americans of centuries ago—we have no name but the "Mound-builders."

It is a bit unfair to label them this way. It is as if we Americans of the present day should be forgotten for all we did as explorers, scientists, farmers, soldiers, business men and creators of a political society of freemen, and should go down in history with no label but "Skyscraper-builders." (One wonders, too, whether our skyscrapers would last through the centuries as the mounds have endured.)

We might not have any knowledge at all of these First Americans if their architects had not left earthworks to arouse our curiosity about the builders. To find in a flat West Virginia river valley a great

What outfit, buddy? An example of mound-builder art preserved in the Ohio State Archaeological and Historical Museum at Columbus



mound, obviously of man-power construction, first spurred the white men to investigate. Excavating, skeletons and relics came to light. The first conclusion—and it may remain the last, too, if you incline to feel that way about it—was that the mounds were heaps of earth in which to



It is a sight to kindle any imagination. I try to picture these First Americans. Judging of them by their work, they are an ambitious people; they are efficiently organized and they build big. No doubt, like the Americans of today (as writers from overseas are forever observing about us) they are "a people of boundless energy." Keep in mind that they have not yet discovered how to smelt metals; that they have no tools but crude hoes and spades of chipped flint. They must transport every spadeful of the earth for this mound—from about a quarter of a mile distant—without horses or machinery. Certainly, such a monument as this could not be the work of roving warriors or lazy game-hunters.

There is further evidence that these people are traders; the articles they gather from far places appear to indicate it. Among their possessions, left in mounds, we find barracuda jaws and bits of sea shells from the Gulf, pure copper from Michigan, white flint arrow heads from the Ozark hills. They are able artists and sculptors. They manufacture things of beauty as well as of utility. As farmers they till the earth industriously and to good purpose. From them in our agriculture we inherit tobacco, beans, squash and that most precious of cereals (which they must have Burbanked from some wild grass) "Indian" corn. They fear God, and they know how to take their own part . . . Or once they knew.

AMERICANS

*By Charles
Phelps Cushing*

*WHO They Were We Do Not
Know, May Never Know—
But Some of Them Left Monuments
More Impressive Than the Pyramids*

bury the dead. Just that, and nothing more. Consult some of the encyclopedias and school books and you'll find the mounds dismissed in precisely that kind of summary.

But one who writes this account just after returning from a visit to a variety of high spots of Mound-builder constructions in West Virginia, Ohio and Illinois, on a journey of a thousand miles or more, does not feel at all



**The great Miamisburg, Ohio, mound
today and yesterday**



tain other extremely practical purposes must have been served by most of these mounds, even though they also honored the dead.

As if the Miamisburg cone isn't about the most ideal signal tower and observation post ever erected in the State of Ohio!

As if it were just another accident that the Serpent Mound is an earthwork about one hundred percent effective as a military breastwork! It is such a Gibraltar that you could almost defend it with a troop of Boy Scouts equipped with bean-shooters.

The moat around the base of the Marietta Mound, once with a parapet twenty feet wide and four feet

content with that conclusion. It is a journey, by the way, highly recommended to any jaded motor tourist seeking a novel jaunt. If you have seen America first, now try seeing the First America. Plenty of relics of Stone Age antiquities remain to assure you of surprises. Archaeologists tell us the Mound-builder civilization spread once throughout the basin of the Mississippi and its tributaries and even to lower Florida; in all, their relics are found in more than twenty States.

To the tourist are recommended especially the Cahokia Mounds in the Illinois State Park near East St. Louis, with the remains of a great pyramid far larger in base dimensions than anything the old Egyptians attempted; the impressive mound dominating a high flat hilltop near Miamisburg, Ohio; the Serpent Mound in Adams County, Ohio, where a mammoth earthwork snake coils along the crest of a promontory; the beautiful mound in the old cemetery at Marietta, Ohio; and this great mound in Moundsville, rising in its venerable majesty in the heart of a city. If you find no kick in any of these, you are jaded—and Europe and Egypt won't stir you much, either.

Here is an opportunity to give your imagination a work-out; not only is there something worth seeing, there also is plenty to think about. For instance, take this angle:

To lump all these prehistoric earthworks in the classification of "burial mounds" doesn't satisfy this observer at all. No one who ever has been to a war can fail to divine that cer-



**Serpent Mound—built for looks or for
defense? This mammoth earthwork atop
a promontory in Adams County, Ohio,
appears to have had military significance**

high, all surrounding a steep-sided mound, may have been just a beautiful example of prehistoric American landscape gardening around a tomb. Or, on occasion, it may have had other uses not unknown to students of the arts of war.

And I think it will pop quickly into the mind of any other Legionnaire, as he takes a stand at the top of such other mounds as this at Moundsville, or on the aprons and the high crest of the Great Cahokia pyramid that these are places where trained soldiers could thumb their noses at vastly superior forces of invaders approaching from the flat lands all around. The cry would be "come and get us!" And the getting wouldn't be any easy morning's work.

Where so much of what we hear is mere surmise, one man's guess may be as good as another's. Anyhow, it will do no harm to try to figure out the problem for yourself.

Just to illustrate the difficulties involved in getting at facts about the Mound-builders, let's imagine that war, sleeping sickness, or anything else sinister enough for the purpose should destroy all the inhabitants of the United States today, leaving the land deserted for thousands



A survival of antiquity in the heart of a modern city—the mound which gives its name to Moundsville, West Virginia, as it looks today and as it appeared in 1846



membered that item and later asked a scientist at the Ohio State Museum about it. He answered that as a mystery the "ivory" was a fizzle. What the unscientific diggers had reported as ivory were really bits of shell.

The Moundsville Mound was discovered back in 1771; sixty-seven years later it was opened. A vertical shaft was sunk from the peak to the ground level. Half-way down a log-walled burial chamber was found, and another at the bottom. A tunnel at the base was dug along ground level to connect with the bottom of the vertical shaft. A picture here repro-



An early American pipe-bowl

of years. Then scientists from Europe arrive, to pick up clues and make deductions. In an Eastern harbor Professor Holmes and Dr. Watson would discover the remains of a giant female figure done in metal, 111 feet tall from toe to crown, one arm holding aloft a torch. Would they not surmise about her (just as archaeologists do today about the Serpent Mound in Ohio) that she is "an effigy, undoubtedly of religious significance"? And what would they make of the additional puzzling fact that her feet are planted in a fortress? In the Black Hills of South Dakota the explorers would find chiseled in the solid granite four heads, sixty feet from chins to crowns. Four great gods of the hills? Or, again, religious effigies? How would Sherlock and the Doctor ever determine that these are only Mr. Gutzon Borglum's sculptures of Washington, Lincoln, Jefferson and Theodore Roosevelt? The obelisk which tops the tip of the highest hill in New Jersey would puzzle them plenty because they would find no skeleton buried beneath it. Would Sherlock properly label it as a war memorial and a beacon tower to guide aviators? But at Arlington, Virginia, they would open a marble tomb and find a skeleton. If the elements had destroyed the inscription on the tomb they could immediately identify the remains as those of a once-famous general or great king. "Elementary, Watson, elementary!" But one hundred percent wrong.

Another matter which complicates and confuses the task of getting at the facts about the Mound-builders is that amateurs have done much of the excavating; their reports are often inaccurate. People in Moundsville long have puzzled over the statement that when their mound was explored the diggers found bits of ivory. Where did prehistoric Americans obtain ivory? I re-

duced shows how the mound looked eight years later when Squier and Davis were preparing their memorable book on "Ancient Monuments of the Mississippi Valley." The wood-cut shows the "light three-story building" erected upon the summit of the mound after the excavation was finished. You'll note also the mouth of the tunnel at ground level and the winding path leading up to the summit. Here is the Squier and Davis account of what the mound contained:

"The lower chamber contained two human skeletons (one of which was thought to be that of a female); the upper chamber contained but one skeleton in an advanced state of decay. With these were found between three and four thousand shell beads, a number of ornaments of mica, several bracelets of copper, and various articles carved in stone."

Later, after the novelty of the mound for sight-seers wore off, the mound suffered eighty years of neglect. The three-story

tower on top disappeared. The shaft at the summit was left open and unguarded; one day a horse fell in. The only lesson gleaned from that experience was to fill up the hole. Earth from the top of the cone was shoveled down into the hole; in the process of this mutilation the mound lost probably twenty or twenty-five feet of its original height. Brush and weeds matted about the base of the forest trees on the sides of the mound. Finally the owner of the property threatened to turn steam shovels loose to level the place and sell it off for building lots. The heroes of that occasion were the school children of the State of West Virginia. They came to the rescue with contributions of pennies, nickels and dimes and saved a precious prehistoric relic from destruction. It is now a State Park. It is preserved at last—and well tended. Trustees from the State Penitentiary close by take good care of the grounds.

Follow the old path winding up the side to the flat summit of the mound and you'll find there an observation level of the sort the guidebooks mark with triple stars.

Follow the valley of the Ohio down to Williamstown and across the river to Marietta for the next stop. Marietta has the kind of charm you find in old New England towns. Like Moundsville—and for that matter, like St. Louis, Cincinnati, Chillicothe and numerous other population centers—the city is built upon a site first occupied by Mound-builders. A precious relic of prehistoric times is carefully preserved here. The heroes of this occasion are the early-day city fathers of Marietta, under the leadership of a soldier of the American Revolution, Colonel Ichabod Nye. Back in 1800 they had the foresight to safeguard the Marietta Mound by creating a cemetery out of the plot of land around it. That this mound should stand in a burying ground is quite appropriate, too. Sometime before 1803 the mound had been opened. At a depth of fifteen feet the excavators found the skeleton of a prehistoric American.



Ancient barrows at Mound City, near Chillicothe, Ohio, familiar to every Camp Sherman graduate



Monks' Mound, near East St. Louis, Illinois, appears in the distance as if it were an imposing natural eminence



Before modern America became concerned about its earliest ancestors: An Illinois mound with the top lopped off to make a farmhouse site

Fearing to destroy the mound, they then stopped digging and restored the earthwork to its original state. It is not a large mound, as compared with that at Moundsville. It is thirty feet high, with a diameter of 115 feet, surrounded by a moat. A flight of stone steps leads up to an observation level and some park benches. It is one of the most graceful of all the mounds in shapeliness, and the moat curving around it in a flattened oval sets off the beauty of the lines. Give all due credit to the foresight of those early city fathers!

Another Mound-builder work is marked in Marietta as the Sacred Way, down which the Mound-builders are presumed to have marched to the banks of the Muskingum River. Today it looks pretty much like a boulevard in the Kansas City park system, but when you reach the end of it at the shores of the river perhaps your imagination can revive the picture of how it may have looked in the misty long ago.

In that neighborhood you may get a smile at a sign you'll find at the street intersection. It reads—odd contrast of ancient and modern times —“FRONT STREET: SACRA VIA.”

Other strange contrasts of the kind will greet you as you drive on and reach “Mound City,” a mile to the north of Chillicothe, Ohio. You'll hear that in every war in which Ohio took a part her soldiers have drilled and camped here. The Mound-builders may have been the first of a long line of these legions. Twenty-three remnants of a once-numerous group of barrows are left here in a fifty-seven-acre State Park. This occasion, too, has its hero—the park is a gift to Ohio from the War Department. A faint suggestion must linger, however, that the gesture came in tardy amends for damages. In the World War, contractors were slicing away savagely at the mounds on one edge of the cantonment until an appeal to Washington to save these precious relics checked the destruction. (Continued on page 61)

ORDERS IS ORDERS

And the First Duty of a Soldier Is to Obey

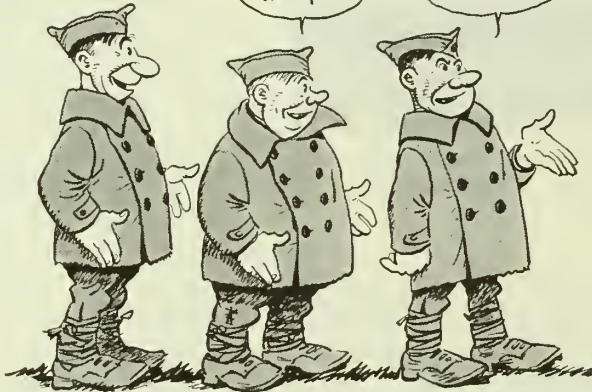
By Wallgren

But we aint got no new leqqin's to put on, Top !!?

These is the only leqqin's we got !!

The Supply Sarqint aint got any more wraps !!

- Well then cut a coupla strips off the bottom of your overcoat !!! Get something !! Anything will be better than those rags you got on now !!!



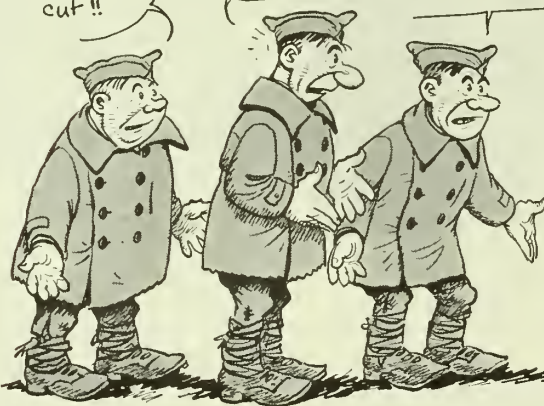
(THE OLD TOP FIGURES THEY KNOW ABOUT BLANKET STRIPS WITHOUT HIS TELLING THEM - BUT, THATS OUT!! THEM BABIES DONT DO NO THINKING FOR THEMSELVES. "NOT ON A BUCK PRIVATES PAY ANYWAY!!")

But our overcoats aint long enough to cut !!

They're too short now!!

If'n we cut any more off they'll only be chest pectectors!!

Scout around for a long one then !! I dont care how you get 'em as long as you get 'em !! but, you gotta git new leqqin's for tomorrows inspection !!!



(HMM!! THATS NICE ADVICE AINT IT !!? WELL - WE STILL THINK HE SHOULD HAVE AT LEAST MENTIONED BLANKETS)

NEXT DAY →

Leqqings !!? What has leqqings to do with it !!? It's that freak overcoat I'm talking about, Serqeant !! Perhaps you can explain that !!?

Yessir! I think I can, if you'll allow me to, sir !!

(ALL NICE NEW WRAPS)

Good Grapes !!? I didnt know I'd cut that much off !!? ? ? ?

Gowshamighty !!? I musta cut off more'n I thought in th' dark !!? ? ? ?

Creeps !!? I didnt think just two strips off would make it that short !!? ? ? ?



(THEY DONT REALIZE, THAT THEYVE ALL CUT FROM THE SAME COAT YET - BUT, THEY SHALL)

9/11/33

FOUR SQUARE *for the* 4 POINT PLAN

By John Thomas Taylor

*Vice-Chairman, National Legislative Committee,
The American Legion*

WITHIN two weeks of the time when members of The American Legion read these words the Seventy-third Congress of the United States will begin its first regular session. Called into extraordinary session last spring, Congress enacted a mass of legislation unprecedented in the peacetime history of the nation, extending to the Executive powers hitherto conferred only in war. These powers conferred by Congress translated into practical working the national recovery program which in its various ramifications is still in effect.

The regular session will open with the interest of the country as great as it was last spring when the new Administration came into being. The fierce white light that beats upon a throne lacks in sheer candle power the intensity of the spotlight that will be thrown upon the Capitol. In the varied mass of legislation affecting the veteran which will be offered in the two houses of Congress the Four-Point Rehabilitation Program of The American Legion will have the merit of offering in clear, succinct, easily understood language the considered opinion of the World War veteran on the subject nearest his heart.

The extraordinary session of Congress virtually destroyed the old World War Veterans Act, enacted in 1924, through the provisions of the so-called Economy Act. The provisions of that measure were devastating. They cut the ground out from under the disabled veteran, in every case reducing the amount of compensation he was receiving and in many thousands of instances canceling it. Under its terms men who had been granted presumption of service connection on their only too evident disabilities were finally, after periods ranging from eight to twelve years, ordered to present proof that their ailments were indeed service connected—with the world in its greatest ferment of change they were to turn the clock back fifteen years, find the scattered witnesses who could testify to the satisfaction of a government board, and if successful—the chances were better than even they would not be successful—salvage a portion of what students of the common law will tell you had ripened into vested rights.

Fortunately this law, literally a death sentence hanging over the weak and the helpless who had been the strong and the loyally vigorous in the days of the nation's need, was amended.

But there are still injustices and they must be righted.

At Chicago in October the National Convention adopted unanimously the Four-Point Program which is reproduced on this page. In November at Indianapolis the National Executive Committee, the Department Commanders and Adjutants unanimously backed up the statement of National Commander Hayes that this program is the first business of the Legion as it turns into 1934.

As always the success of the Legion's efforts depends on the understanding of the individual Legionnaires throughout the country. There are no divided counsels in the leadership of the

Legion, and the splendid showing of 1934 paid-up membership proves that we are going forward for God and country as in the past. You and you and you, average Legionnaires, are the strength of our organization. Your understanding of and support of its program, expressed in the expanding membership of your post, in your calling attention of your Congressmen and Senators to the Four-Point Plan will answer unmistakably those critics who for purely selfish reasons wish us to fail. Legionnaires should let their Senators and Congressmen understand that they want them to support the Legion's Four-Point Bill rather than to introduce bills of their own to amend the Economy Act. If your Senators and Representatives want to introduce some veterans' bill at the coming session tell them to introduce this conservative and constructive Legion Four-Point Bill.

We shall win because we deserve to win.

The first of the Four Points relates to the payments made to veterans of the World War disabled in line of duty. For the past several years the more vociferous of the critics of government payments to veterans have used a statement that became a formula, a rallying cry, finally a slogan. It was, if memory serves, "For the disabled, everything; for the able bodied, nothing." (By the way, it was The Legion which from the first had carried on the fight which brought a substantial measure of justice to these casualties of the war, while the slogan-coining critics were busy with their own private affairs. If you think that's an exaggeration, ask any Congressman or Senator who has seen service on Capitol Hill during the last fifteen years.)

Well, what happened to these men disabled in line of duty, under the act passed last March? Every (Continued on page 64)

THE FOUR POINTS OF THE AMERICAN LEGION'S REHABILITATION PROGRAM FOR 1934 ARE AS FOLLOWS:

- 1 That no war veterans disabled in line of duty suffer any reduction of those benefits granted such veterans in the World War Veterans Act as in effect prior to March 20, 1933.
- 2 That hospitalization under Federal Government auspices be afforded all veterans not dishonorably discharged who require hospital treatment and who are not able reasonably to pay for their own treatment.
- 3 That perpetuation of service connection for all veterans properly granted such service connection under laws in existence prior to March 20, 1933, be recommended as an item of Legion policy.
- 4 That the benefits provided for dependents of veterans as established in the World War Veterans Act be resumed and maintained as the Government's policy and that in no event shall widows and/or dependent children of deceased World War veterans be without Government protection.

SAILING, SAILING

Over the Lincoln Highway



This forty-foot float, depicting a sector of the waterfront in historic Rockport, Massachusetts, won first prize in the Chicago national convention parade after a cross-country voyage of 1200 miles

THE magic carpet of the Arabian Nights apparently was used exclusively for the transportation of passengers. The tales of Sinbad the Sailor and all the other heroes of the Nights do not give the specifications of the distance annihilator, and we can only guess whether they came in sedans and coupes as well as touring models. Nor do we know whether there was in the days of genii a heavy-duty magic carpet for the transportation of enchanted palaces and other stage settings of dream tales.

The automobile and airplane were the magic carpets which carried many thousands of Legionnaires to the Chicago national convention, but Edward Peterson Post of Rockport, Massachusetts, showed what could be done by the motor truck counterpart of the magic carpet by transporting to Chicago forty feet of rock-bound seacoast ornamented by quaint buildings and fishing schooners.

Hundreds of thousands of spectators along the route of the national convention parade on October 3d saw what had startled jogging motorists along twelve hundred miles of motor highways in the final days of September—a bit of old New England which seemed to have drifted loose from its ocean-side moorings. It had gone sailing along on its 1200-mile journey from Rockport to Chicago, into and out of valleys and over mountains, through a hundred towns and cities, rumbling through tunnels and over bridges, speeding on the long, level stretches. Staid motorists in

New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio and Indiana rubbed their eyes as this vision loomed ahead of them, and in the spell of the illusion as it passed they whiffed salt water, sun-dried timbers and wet sails.

In the windows of Chicago skyscrapers, along miles of curbing and in the great horse-shoe of Soldier Field, crowds spontaneously applauded as the float from Rockport sailed onward, casting the same spell it had cast upon the motorists of the open highways. The float was awarded first prize in the national convention parade. High honor, because in that procession was the most notable collection of floats ever seen in a Legion parade. More than ever before the Legion demonstrated that its convention each year is the great national pageant of America.

State after State passed by with floats depicting the things in which they glory—proud industries and boasted products, old traditions and modern ballyhoo. Rockport's depiction of a scene that might have come bodily from the New England of whaling days was rivaled by floats from the South on which Colonial beauties rested amid flowers and billowing cotton; floats from California and Florida, with blossoms and ripe oranges; a float from Idaho devoted to the glory of the Idaho potato and a float from Ohio in praise of the great Ohio onion. A pair of Indiana floats, all in glittering white, represented an Eskimo village, symbol of "Rock Wool." Michigan sent a float of greensward and trees in full blossom,



singing the glory of Michigan peaches and cherries. Old days on the Ohio were recalled by the float from Joliet, Illinois—a steamboat drifting by in tableau. Danbury (Connecticut) Post went by with a gigantic hat.

Racine (Wisconsin) Post was at Chicago, as usual, with its famous float, "The Spirit of '76," which had won prize after prize at previous conventions. This year, with its three living figures representing statuesque bronze, the float was as good as or better than ever. A blanched skull twenty feet high made its first appearance, the float of the Last Man Club of the Legion post at Crown Point, Indiana. And so they went by at Chicago for nine hours—more floats, better floats, than the Legion had seen before.

Legionnaires of Rockport's extensive artists' colony produced Edward Peterson Post's prize-winning historical float. Rockport is thirty miles from Boston, on Cape Ann, and with the adjoining town of Gloucester possesses a glamor which has been expressed in thousands of paintings. The coast is rocky and bounded by bald hills. Bold and steep ledges are numerous and there are acres of boulders with intermingled patches of vegetation. Along the quaint old village streets are many houses dating back to the 18th century—a few to the 17th century.

"The idea for the float was conceived at the Detroit national convention in 1931 by Dr. Earl F. Greene," writes A. Carl Buttman, Post Treasurer. "It was designed by Aldro T. Hibbard, N. A., notable American landscape painter. It was constructed under his supervision by Legionnaires and fellow artists, including John M. Buckley, Yankee Division veteran; W. Lester Stevens, whose covers have appeared on several issues of *The American Legion Monthly*; Anthony Thieme and Richard Holberg. All the work on the float was contributed. Money for material and traveling expenses was collected from business men, summer residents and interested friends. The float is an exact replica, drawn to scale, of a fish house and wharf in Rockport known locally as 'Motif No. 1' because it is usually the first subject selected by visiting artists."

Fish Rodeo

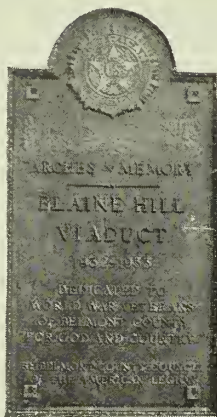
WHEN R. W. Crook, Jr., Commander of Roy Lammons Post of Yazoo City, Mississippi, bulletined the news that Bob Morrow, Adjutant of the Mississippi Department, had won first prize in the gar rodeo conducted by the post in September, we suspected that a gar rodeo might be something like a snipe hunt or a badger fight. So we wrote to Mr. Morrow, just to make sure. Back comes word that there is nothing phony about it, so we quote Mr. Morrow:

"We have two posts in Mississippi which hold annual gar rodeos—Greenwood and Yazoo City. The gar is a fish which is not edible and destroys other fish. In our larger lakes the gar weighs as much as two or three hundred pounds. The Legion, because of its interest in conservation of fish and game, attempts to clear the lakes of gar. In the rodeo, first prize is awarded to the Legionnaire catching the biggest gar.

"The gar is caught with a line and running noose. The running noose is made on the end of a line which is hooked to an empty one- or two-gallon jug. The bait is placed inside the noose and the line is



This bridge, dedicated as Arches of Memory as a memorial to the men of Belmont County, Ohio, who served in the World War, eliminated twenty-three dangerous curves in one mile of U. S. Highway 40, the National Road



let down in the lake. The fish in taking the bait pulls the noose tight around his long slender snout. You know he has the bait when you see the jug speeding down the lake at thirty miles an hour. The first man who gets to the gar and catches him owns him. It is a great sight to see 150 boats lined up at the shore ready for a race to the first gar."

Six Hours and A Home

HE WAS one of the many victims of the Economy Act. The payment he had been receiving every month from the Government had helped him keep his home and send his three children to school while he struggled to meet the interest on his mortgage. Two thousand dollars had gone into the home and \$600 remained to be paid when calamity threatened in the form of a foreclosure. Six hours before the time limit he arrived at the American Legion Legal Bureau in Minneapolis, Minnesota.

In those six hours the Bureau saved his home, according to Miss Blanche W. Scallen, Secretary of the Minnesota Department of The American Legion Auxiliary. A Legionnaire attorney—





In the Christmas workshop of 124th Field Artillery Post of East St. Louis, Illinois, where the post each year repairs and repaints toys for which Santa Claus will find new owners

one of twenty-six who volunteered to assist distressed service men—was able to obtain a moratorium, which extended the time for payment to July, 1935.

The legal bureau was established after the enactment of the Economy Act, and figures compiled by Mrs. Georgia Ziemer, Auxiliary worker, show that help was extended in an even dozen cases of mortgage foreclosure, while in more than a hundred other cases service men were given legal assistance of other descriptions. Members of the Auxiliary conduct the office work.

Mutual Helpfulness

SERMONS have been written on almost every clause in the Preamble to the Constitution of The American Legion. Ralph S. Mattocks, Adjutant of Breen-McCracken Post of Philadelphia, might have selected a text when he sent in this note:

"During the severe years of hardship caused by the depression, this post has paid the dues of members who were out of work. Our membership is therefore higher than the average for the past few years and we have never been more active."

Super-Scouts

SOMEWHERE, sometime, a scoutmaster may have dreamed that he was leading a troop which outshone the most famous

Wilber M. Brucker, a Legionnaire. It was presented last spring to Governor William A. Comstock with impressive ceremonies on the Capitol Square under Legion auspices."

Sportsmanship and Citizenship

THE good wishes of the entire Mississippi Department of The American Legion went to Charles Armstrong of Jackson High School when he entered Mississippi State College last September. For young Mr. Armstrong was the winner of the first American Legion Junior Baseball scholarship, presented annually by the Mississippi Department to the member of a junior baseball team in its State who scored highest in sportsmanship, scholarship and team play. The scholarship carries a cash award of \$200 each year for four years. More than 300 Mississippi boys under the age of seventeen, living in twenty towns and cities, took part in the 1931 junior baseball season in which Mr. Armstrong won his high honors. James McBroom of the Batesville team won the scholarship for 1932 and will enter college in 1934. The 1933 winner was to be decided late in the year by the Department Junior Baseball Committee. Department Commander Arthur C. Short, looking forward to the new award, declared that the teaching of sportsmanship and citizenship represented the primary aim of the Legion's junior baseball program.

Powder River!

LONG before the missing Elmer was elevated to fame in The American Legion, Legionnaires in chaps and sombreros sang at conventions the praise of Powder River—"a mile wide and an inch deep, and she flows uphill." Just to prove that you can't keep a good river down, Legionnaire I. M. Jenkins writes from the town of Powder River, Wyoming:

"My outfit, Big Horn Mountain Post of Waltman, Wyoming,

corps of West Point cadets. That's the sort of outfit which Maurice Harvey Dixon Post has brought into existence in its home city of Lansing, Michigan, as the "Governor's Troop."

"It is the only troop of its kind in the country," writes H. B. Jameson, chairman of the post's Scout Committee. "It is a picked troop and membership in it is for one year only. A Scout, an active junior leader, is recommended for membership by his scoutmaster and the recommendation must be confirmed by the Court of Honor of the Okemos Boy Scout Council and the Legion committee. The troop takes part in all affairs of state of a public nature and acts as escort to the Governor at public ceremonies."

"The Legion is also promoting horsemanship in this select troop. All boys are able to care for their own mounts, to saddle and ride properly. A cross country ride is taken to qualify each member for the merit badge in horsemanship. We believe it is the only troop in the country so qualified."

"The troop was first organized in 1931 during the tenure of Governor



desires to enter the lists of specialized outfits; it is made up entirely of sheep herders. It is true that at the present time all of us are not actively engaged in herding, there being a couple of storekeepers, two garage men and a pair of railroaders—there aren't enough sheep to go 'round. Anyway, we boast of upwards of thirty members and are as chesty as if we had 3,000. We own a Legion hall, don't owe a dime and have a little cash for the bankers to play with. Also, being located on the South Fork of Powder River, we claim exclusive rights to that famous and hair-raising battle cry, "Powder River, let 'er buck."

Still Serving

FROM December, 1917, to September, 1919, Chris. J. Agrafiotis served in the A. E. F. with Company H of the 16th Infantry, First Division. He was wounded at Cantigny and gassed at Sedan. After the war Mr. Agrafiotis was graduated from the State Normal School at Keene, New Hampshire, and the University of New Hampshire, and in 1927 he became instructor in sociology and general science in the high schools of Manchester, New Hampshire. While serving in the schools he wrote in Greek a "Critical Study and Analysis of the Constitution of the United States."

As Americanism Officer of the Department of New Hampshire, Mr. Agrafiotis recently called upon all the posts in his State to engage in a program for enlisting all foreign-born residents of New Hampshire in the problems of government and the fundamental principles of the American people with a view to inducing as many as possible of them to become citizens.

In his bulletin to the Legion posts Mr. Agrafiotis called attention to the fact that there had been a notable decrease in the percentage of eligible residents of all racial groups who

Officer quoted statistics from a recently-published book which showed that out of 6,500,000 people in New England in a recent year, but 2,800,000 were descended from the old, original Yankee stock.

He described the heroic war service of men of the newer racial stocks as the foundation upon which the newer spirit of Americanism should rest, so that communism, radicalism and bolshevism might be weakened as destructive forces.

Arches of Memory

FOR years motorists driving along the National Road—U. S. Highway 40—between St. Clairsville, Ohio, and Wheeling, West Virginia, tightened their grips on steering wheels as they approached a mile-long hill near the town of Blaine. The grade averaged thirty percent and in the single mile were twenty-three curves. At the foot of the hill was a railroad crossing.

Today motorists fly with unchecked speed over the National Road past the town of Blaine. They drive over a bridge sixty-four feet wide, 2,150 feet long and, at its highest point, 211 feet above the countryside. Midway on this bridge they pass bronze tablets which inform them that

the bridge is Belmont County's Arches of Memory, dedicated under the auspices of Belmont County Council of The American Legion to the men of the county who served in the World War.

The eleven posts of Belmont County took part in the bridge dedication ceremonies in September at which O. W. Merrell, Ohio's Director of Highways and the man who conceived the project, spoke along with Thomas W. McCaw, Commander of the Ohio Department, Hetzell Pownall, Commander of the West Virginia Department, and other prominent citizens.



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National Commander Hayes speaking at impressive exercises in the amphitheater at Arlington Cemetery on Armistice Day, marking the fifteenth anniversary of the end of the war

were applying for naturalization. Under the plan Mr. Agrafiotis outlined, each post would extend educational help to the foreign born and protect them from selfish exploitation by those opposed to American principles. Citizenship schools and naturalization ceremonies have been conducted by many posts.

In a report to the Department convention, the Americanism

On Armistice Day

A PLEDGE that the Legion will continue to fight for full restoration of compensation to service-connected disabled veterans was given by National Commander Hayes at exercises in the amphitheater of the National Cemetery at Arlington, Virginia, on Armistice Day. With officials of the Government and representatives of the Allies in attendance and with Legionnaires from the District of Columbia and nearby States taking a prominent part, the exercises marked impressively the fifteenth anniversary of the end of the war.

"There is nothing too good this country can do for the veteran injured in

line of duty and who today has not recovered his former status of complete efficiency," said the National Commander. "If he could speak, would the Unknown Soldier approve of the sacrifices that have been placed on the service-connected disabled veteran? We say he would not approve. We say that this compensation should not have been reduced in any way. We declare that the veteran disabled in line of duty must be restored to his status as it existed prior to March 20, 1933.

"Then there is the disabled veteran who served his country honorably and well in time of its greatest need, who now is unable to care for himself, and who asks the Government to protect and administer to him in his time of greatest (Continued on page 63)

STATION ~~G.O.B.~~

Broadcasting



T. S. F. de Mengam, a French wireless station eight miles out from Brest, was shared by our Navy radio operators. Here were picked up S. O. S. calls from ships for relay to the Naval Office in Brest

RADIO as we know it today, with its programs of music and other entertainment available almost continuously throughout the twenty-four hours of each day, was unknown during the World War. But wireless telegraphy, of which Marconi is considered the father—having established long-distance communication through that means in December, 1901—played an important part in the struggle, more so in connection with shipping than with land operations. An international radio convention of 1914 bound all contracting nations to compel ships carrying fifty or more persons to be equipped with radiotelegraphic instruments. Such equipment assisted in saving many lives at sea.

From an ex-gob, J. F. Parrish of 2832 Alden Avenue, Dallas, Texas, member of Oak Cliff Post, we gain some knowledge of what our Navy did in the way of wireless communication. The picture above shows the French station, T. S. F. de Mengam, near Brest—and we find that the T. S. F. stands for “*Telegraphie sans fils*,” translatable into “*Telegraphy with-*”

out wires." But, without further comment, here is Parrish's story:

"During the war I was a gob radio operator stationed at T. S. F. de Mengam, a picture of which I enclose. This station was about eight miles out on the cliff from Brest, overlooking the ocean. I wonder how many A. E. F.-bound soldiers and sailors remember seeing its towers? There was a French fort down below us and the picture shows some ammunition dumps.

"Our little gang was composed of only four operators and a cook. Wonder where they have drifted to? We had to use the same set with the French operators and you can imagine what a time we had trying to send rush messages that piled up on both



In spare moments men of the Seventh Regiment, Marine Corps, stationed in Cuba, erected a hospital on famous San Juan Hill near Santiago



crews at the same time. We Americans would usually win but it looked at times as if a battle would start. I landed at the station March 1, 1918, and the S. O. S.'s were plentiful about that time. I recall copying one from the *Leviathan* when a sub shot at her outside of Brest, and then seeing her coming in full speed ahead.

"The French had a regular telegraph line into Brest, which we used also to relay messages to the U. S. Naval Office in that city. We also had a private buzzer line into the office at Brest which we used to check up on messages sent. On all S. O. S. calls received, we would send copies to the office and also relay them over our station. There were plenty of them during that spring. We hardly ever stood watch without picking up one or more. I recall one from a tramp steamer during my watch and on the very next watch, picked up a second one from her. She seemed to have had a running fight with a sub, said she was still firing and reported the number of shots.

"Our regular watch was four hours on and eight off, but sometimes we arranged dog watches so as to give us more time to go to Brest and to Le Conquet. We took turns going to Brest for provisions and what a ride we would get coming back. The truck driver would stop at every wine joint and by the time we got to the winding hill leading up to the station, we were always ready to jump in case we met a manure wagon or bread cart, as there were never any brakes on the truck.

"The Naval Office tried to make everything comfortable for us because we were so isolated out at our station, but life soon grew dull. The chief decided one day that the only thing we lacked to make our quarters look like a country home was chickens. So one Sunday morning we went to our neighbors to find a setting hen. Not successful in our calls at farmhouses between drinks, we got just an ordinary hen and a setting of eggs. She wasn't inclined to stay on the eggs, so the chief wound a hammock lashing around her, tied a rock on each end and left her. To make a long story short, she busted all the eggs and we had roast chicken for dinner.

"I was transferred to the *Sultana* on October 14, 1918, and was glad to get back onto a ship, although I hated to leave the gang—

old Dixon from Georgia, Oviatt from Rochester, New York, the chief from Chicago and the other man, whose name I've forgotten, from Oklahoma. The *Sultana* did convoy work between Brest and Lorient until the Armistice, then some pilot work. On December 1st we sailed from Brest, via the Azores and Bermuda, landing in New York in time for the New Year's celebration."

AN EX-LEATHERNECK, Dering E. Core, pharmacist, and member of Roy E. Parrish Post in Clarksburg, West Virginia, hits the deck with a picture and story of more American service activities far from the Western Front. His outfit at least had the honor of being stationed for a time at a place made famous by Teddy Roosevelt and his Rough Riders during an earlier war in which our country was involved. Yes, the carpenter gang pictured on this page is composed of leathernecks, and here, according to Dering E. Core, is how they got that way:

"Lined up in the Marine Corps during the war, my outfit, the Seventh Regiment, left Quantico, Virginia, August 16, 1917, for the Philadelphia Marine Barracks, sailed from that port on August 20th and on the 25th we found ourselves at the Naval Station in Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, and quartered at Deer Point.

"From there the regiment with its hospital corps was moved to San Juan Hill, Santiago, Cuba, and lived in tents atop the hill. Being equipped with tents only, the powers above us decided that the hospital corpsmen should go into the carpenter trade and erect a hospital and the enclosed picture shows some of our gang on that job.

"The building, made of rough lumber and wire screens, with a tar-paper roof, contained the hospital office, a sick bay or ward equipped with regulation canvas cots, and a dispensary. This building, constructed by amateurs, proved satisfactory for the needed purposes, as all of the surgical cases were transferred back promptly to the Naval Station at Guantanamo for attention.

"Later the regiment was broken up and its units stationed at different points on the island. At that time I was sent back with a number of other men to the Guantanamo Naval Station."

The Company Clerk invites other veterans who served in out-of-the-way places to send in their pictures and stories. The invitation excludes posed pictures of men.



THEY will continue to bob up—we mean, of course, those “first” claims, and while we know of a somewhat similar case, in reverse order, this will prove a hard one to refute. It’s an interesting story with a distinct “under-two-flags” angle to it. But before we let you read the story which Legionnaire Gordon Dorrance of Philadelphia has to tell of his subject whose then-and-now portraits we reproduce, we want to report about the man we knew. This man, like our present subject, was born in this country, went to Germany with his parents when quite young, served his full term in the German military establishment and returned to this country before the World War began. Then as a corporal in an infantry regiment of the American Army, he found in a batch of prisoners his regiment captured, the German captain under whom he had drilled while in Germany.

But to get back to Mr. Dorrance and his then-and-now story:

Walter Stuber was born in Newark, New Jersey. His parents were of German descent; his father the superintendent of a large factory in that city. When Walter was twelve years old, he suddenly found himself a resident of Stuttgart, Germany, his father having accepted a position as manager of a large plant there. They were to be there for three years, so Walter looked upon it as an extended holiday.

But young Stuber soon found himself in school, speaking German fluently and getting along fine in his studies. When Walter was sixteen, instead of being back in the land of his birth he was still in Germany—when war was declared. Typical of the older school boys, inspired by endless files of soldiers marching through Stuttgart, Walter and his school-mates decided to enlist. Sounds like that scene from “All Quiet on the Western Front,” but this wasn’t fiction, it was fact.

Not yet seventeen years old, by some months, Walter found himself a private in a field artillery regiment and doing front line duty. Before long the boys were old, hardened soldiers. In a Philadelphia newspaper, Walter is quoted as follows:

“At one time we were six months in the front trenches without relief. This was the way it happened: The commanding officer of a division was asked the condition of his division. If he reported that the morale was splendid and they did not need any relief, well, he was slated for a decoration, so that our officer would never suggest that he did need relief. He wanted an Iron Cross. . . .

“Why, when the English who were intrenched across from us learned about it from some German prisoners, they sent airplanes over, showering handbills demanding that if we weren’t relieved soon they would come over themselves and relieve us.

“One Christmas I remember when we had a snowball battle with English across from us. One German stuck his head out of the trench. No one shot at him. Then he climbed up, made a snowball and threw it into the English trenches. An Englishman jumped out and threw one back. In fifteen minutes each trench



THEN AND NOW

American born, Walter Stuber rose to the rank of lieutenant in the German Army during the war, but is now a lieutenant in the United States Army Reserve

was alive with Germans and English bombarding each other with snowballs.”

BUT, Walter Stuber continues his story, that condition didn’t last long.

An officer got wind of the fraternizing and ordered his men to fire point blank at the exposed British soldiers. Instead, they fired into the air and thus gave their enemies a chance to jump back into their trenches.

Stuber rose to the rank of lieutenant, served throughout the four years of war and at twenty years of age was discharged—an old veteran. He tells that he was always firm in his intention of returning to the United States, his birthplace, and finally accomplished that purpose, landing here penniless. Four months after beginning work at twenty dollars a week as an automobile mechanic, he got a job as draftsman in a factory. From that point he advanced to production manager and now, in his early thirties, is considered a manufacturing expert.

Four years in the German army, and yet he retained his citizenship in the country against whose army he had to fight. This

was explained by the fact that he was born here, enlisted in the German army while still a minor, and because under the law a minor cannot expatriate himself and because he was discharged before reaching his legal majority, he was still a citizen of the United States. To make doubly sure, however, he took out citizenship papers.

And now to end his story: Walter Stuber is

now a second lieutenant in the United States Army Reserve Corps. How’s that for a military record? An officer in two armies, armies that were opposed to each other a little more than fifteen years ago. You see him pictured in the uniform of both the commissions he has held.

Anyone want to contest this “first” claim?

THE dates of the 1934 national convention of the Legion were determined by the National Executive Committee at its meeting in November. October 22d to 25th will find the Legion in Miami, Florida. That action also automatically set the dates of many reunions of veterans’ organizations—outfits which have adopted the policy of meeting in conjunction with the Legion’s national convention. Some of the hundred and more which met in Chicago last October are

(Continued on page 60)



DO WE TALK *too* MUCH ABOUT 1918 ?

“If We Do, Who in America Has Got a Better Right?”
Answers General J. G. Harbord



An enemy shell-burst in the American lines above Bezu-le-Guery, in the famous sector northwest of Château-Thierry, July, 1918

DO WAR veterans reminisce too much? The New York *Herald Tribune* thinks so and said so in an editorial which appeared in its issue of November 15, 1933, based on plans for a memorial at Bezu-le-Guery, a tiny hamlet in the famous sector northwest of Château-Thierry. The editorial follows:

“One of the worst ravages of war, many believe, is the exchange of recollections between veterans. It keeps breaking out so many years after, and often without due regard to time and place. A pair of amiable and worldly fellows who would not bore anybody for the world learn from some chance allusion that they were once in the same sector, knew the same front and the same villages behind the lines in hospital or *en repos*. They try to pass it off urbanely and go back to the topical subject of conversation. But over the coffee they will come back to it *sotto voce* in a corner. They have an affection for this topography that makes it difficult to agree to drop it. “Were you ever in Bezu-le-Guery?” one asks the other and they begin to lose poise.

“Now what was so attractive about this Bezu-le-Guery, for instance? Typically, a huddle of battered houses with avalanches of rubble before many of them, squatting around a small square where field kitchens are smoking by the town pump before the *mairie*; light or heavy artillery cooling off under lindens or poplars, perhaps; companies of infantry going up to the front a few miles away, their hobnails smacking on a dirty cobbled street more or less upheaved by shell fire; although the shells are passing both ways, overhead mostly, for this is relatively a sheltered position. There is a field hospital in the church. Ambulances are unloading before it, and inside the flagstones are red and slippery. A squalor and gruesomeness that any sane person should want to

forget. But, human nature being what it is, many are inclined to remember. Some few who sojourned at Bezu-le-Guery on their feet, in billets, or on their backs, in the church or schoolhouse that sheltered Field Hospital No. 1, 2d Division, have an opportunity thus to recall sentimentally and practically the grim hospitality of this peasant village. The thirteenth century ‘aigleese’ that received more than 5,000 American wounded during the heavy fighting around Vaux in July, 1918, needs repairs to save it from ruin. About 30,000 francs will pay for them. Further information about the matter may be obtained from Richard Derby, M. D., author of ‘Wade In, Sanitary,’ and divisional surgeon who used the church in 1918 for the gassed and wounded.”

These sentiments were doubtless read with mingled emotions by those World War veterans who saw the editorial, and they moved a gallant soldier who knows something about the sector northwest of Château-Thierry, and who also should be an authority as to whether veterans reminisce too much, to formulate a reply. General James G. Harbord, who commanded the Marine Brigade at Belleau Wood, who commanded the Second Division at Soissons, and who then became Commanding General of the S. O. S. with three-quarters of a million men under him, wrote a letter to the *Herald Tribune* in reply to the foregoing editorial which appeared in the issue for November 19th. It reads as follows:

“To the New York *Herald Tribune*:

“As a regular reader of the *Herald Tribune* I am interested in the editorial appearing today under the caption ‘The Church at Bezu-le-Guery.’ I am a little in doubt as to whether it was intended to convey a mild admonition to veterans whose reminiscences weary others than themselves, (Continued on page 55)

THE VOICE *of the* LEGION

Membership and Service Are the Keynotes of the Messages of Legion
Publications in Various Parts of the Nation

INDICATIONS are pointing to a great year for The American Legion in Nebraska. That has been said in the past, and it will be said in the future, we hope, but there is substantial proof right now of an awakened spirit in the hearts of the Cornhusker Legionnaires which speaks well for the carrying out of the coming year's program.

One cannot be around Department headquarters without sensing that there is a different feeling in the Legion right now than there has been during the past year. Optimism is fairly oozing from posts all over the State. They're up on their toes, getting set for a big year. Those which have been slow to respond so far are bound to catch the fever soon, and when they do—gangway!

For instance, there's this eternal membership deal. At the time this is written, around 3,000 members for 1934 have been turned in to Department Headquarters—incidentally almost a fourth of last year's membership. And out of those 3,000 members, almost exactly one-fifth of them were not in the Legion last year. —*Nebraska Legionnaire.*

LET'S KEEP OUR FEET ON THE GROUND

SUNDAY night, November 26th, in the city of San Jose, two men charged with one of the most vicious crimes known to organized society, kidnapping, were taken by force from the officers of the law and hanged in the public square in that city. Why was this done? It was undoubtedly done because of the heinousness of the crime and because of public intolerance of the law's delay in usual cases.

As Legionnaires we cannot condone the action of the San Jose mob. We stand pledged "to maintain law and order." There was no intimation that the law officers of San Jose were lax in their duty for apprehension of the kidnappers was quickly made and the prosecution machinery of the State and Federal Governments was functioning. This machinery should have been allowed to function "according to law." If not, what are our laws for? If our laws are wrong, and if they allow of too many delays, let us have the legislature correct them. But let us not forget that laws are necessary to protect the innocent, so that no innocent man may be made to pay the penalty for the wrongs of the guilty.

As Americans—as Legionnaires, let us *maintain law and order*, not mob rule. LET US KEEP OUR FEET ON THE GROUND. —*Verdugo Hills Post (California) Viewpoint.*

"WE CAN TAKE IT"

IN VIEWING the events in the perspective of even a few months, we wonder how much harm could have been done to the Legion had we been led by a man who could not see "the handwriting on the wall" and had bucked the President and the American people who had been so propagandized that they thought we were pirates. It was our own fault; had we not listened to the "peanut politicians" who pretended to want to give us the remainder of the Adjusted Compensation Certificate

proceeds, we should not have put ourselves in the position of appearing to be unwilling to take "pot luck" in times of economic stress with our fellow citizens. But, we can't "lick" the whole country and we had them against us, rightly or wrongly. Johnson had the sense, the realism, to accept the inevitable with a smile and co-operation, saying "We can take it," thereby winning the Legion the reputation of being good sports. His action eased the plight of the disabled immensely. They were his and the Legion's concern. —*Newark (New Jersey) Legionnaire.*

LET'S GO PLACES

LET'S go back a few years when the Legion gave more than it asked, not in '17-'18, not immediately after the war, but about six, seven, eight years ago. Things were different then. If there was a community job to be done the Legion went out and pitched in and in most cases took the lead—with the result that everyone was with us in everything we attempted.

Of late it seems that we are losing our hold on the general public, and it is really through our own fault. We seem to have crawled into our shell of selfishness and think of nothing outside the realm of Legionism—this isn't good business, and the Legion has suffered for it. Had we followed the national idea on Community Service, we would be a lot better off.

It isn't too late to go into action. There are many worth-while projects of a community nature that could and should be sponsored by the Legion—we have capable leaders and the manpower. Let's wake up! and make the people of the community realize that we mean business, and are not self-centered.

Conditions are improving, money is a little looser and the outlook is brighter. Why not get in on the ground floor and regain that prestige, that not so long ago belonged to us. It can be done and the folks are waiting for someone to jump out and take the lead—why can't it be the Legion? *Pay up—wake up—get up—let's go places.* —*The Star Shell, Berkshire County (Mass.) Legion.*

DELINQUENTS RE-ENROLLING

A GOOD sign this fall is the fact that of the first 700 memberships received at state headquarters for 1934, over forty percent are those of brand new members and of comrades who failed to pay 1932 dues. Looks like those delinquent buddies are in a mood to be re-enrolled. —*Minnesota Legionnaire.*

THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH

WITHOUT further comment, let us take note of the passing of time:

George Washington: "In what part of the continent shall we find any man or body of men who would not blush to stand up and propose measures purposely calculated to rob the soldier of his stipend and the public creditor of his due? And were it possible that such a flagrant instance of injustice could ever happen, would it not excite the general indignation and tend to bring

down upon the authors of such measures the aggravated vengeance of Heaven?"

Abraham Lincoln: "It is the duty of the country to care for him who shall have borne the battle and for his widow and his orphans."

Theodore Roosevelt: "War veterans have a greater claim upon us than any other class of our citizens."

Franklin D. Roosevelt: "No person, because he wore a uniform, must thereafter be placed in a special class of beneficiaries over and above all other citizens."

—*Ohio Legion News*.

A VERY SPECIAL CLASS

IN 1917 and 1918, the wearers of the uniform were a very special class. No one objected then. Four million men were doing 100 percent of the fighting for a

nation of one hundred and twenty millions. They were also set apart by the meagerness of their wage. At a time when a factory or shipyard worker could earn from eight to fifteen dollars per day, when contracts were being let on a "cost plus 10 percent basis," when profiteers were charging all the traffic would bear—a private soldier was earning one dollar per day with ten cents extra for service in France.

It has been a traditional policy of the United States that no man who had served in the armed forces in time of war should ever be forced by age or disability to exist on charity. That has come to be considered a part of their compensation, a justification of the inadequacy of their wage.

Wars must be fought and the cost of wars must be paid. The contractors, the manufacturers of munitions, the railroads, the financiers, all these have been paid gen-

erously for their services. Our work is done. Will you now deny the debt?

We grant that to bear arms in the defense of one's country is a basic duty of citizenship. Does that mean that the fighting men should be penalized financially for doing their duty? In industry, the more difficult and dangerous jobs earn corresponding rewards. We only ask for an even break with the men who did not serve.

In future wars, this inequality can be easily avoided. Pay what the job is worth! Give the soldier in camp a wage equivalent to what the worker on the outside earns. When he goes into the zone of operations where his risks and difficulties are multiplied, raise his pay to correspond to the equally dangerous occupations of civil life.—*The Lonely Cootie, Burbank (California) Post*.

Out of the Lincoln Country

(Continued from page 21)

progress, as Post Commander, Department Commander, member of the National Executive Committee and Vice-Chairman of the National Rehabilitation Committee. The whole Legion had come to know that the smile of Ed Hayes was but the reflection of an enkindling inner spirit. I have rarely seen a photograph of him without that smile. It is with him in the hardest moments of a presiding officer. It belongs to him as naturally as warmth belongs to the sun. It is the sort of smile which betokens more than mere cordiality. It speaks also of confidence, assurance, faith in the essential goodness of things—but more than these, also. There is a quality of firmness about it, underlying determination.

I thought I should find in Decatur how it was that Ed Hayes had become Ed Hayes. And there I found the open book I was seeking.

THE name of County Clare resounds in American history. Because life was hard in this county of Ireland through all the generations of the last century, the blood stream of the United States was enriched continuously by the emigration from its shores. Family after family was transplanted during the lean years, and there is scarcely an American community in which the descendants of pioneers from County Clare have not won note while proudly preserving the traditions of their birthland.

Patrick Hayes piloted British ships through the rocky channels of the Irish Sea during the years of the Civil War in the United States. When sea traffic was slack his fishing nets were busy. He dreamed of the United States as he watched the tossing waters, and when his first son, Michael, born in 1857, was old enough to think of ships he told him the stories that were coming back to Ire-

land from neighbors who had gone to the new country. Six other sons and two daughters had been born when Patrick Hayes lay dying. He called his oldest son to his bedside and asked him to go to the United States.

Michael Hayes was only fourteen years old when he set out alone on the long sea voyage that brought him to New York in 1871. He had cousins in the East, but a new railroad was being built in Illinois and an uncle, Patrick Fitzpatrick, was foreman of the section crew at the town of Litchfield. To Litchfield went Michael Hayes and began there as a waterboy his service for the Wabash Railroad which has continued for sixty-two years.

Michael Hayes married a school teacher at Morrisonville, Illinois. She was Mary Bray, a woman of exceptional education. In the woman's college at Jacksonville, Illinois, near Springfield, she had acquired special interests in music, reading and elocution, and when five sons were born Mrs. Hayes communicated to them her own enthusiasm for education and the appreciation of music and the other finer things of life. The youngest of the five sons was Edward A. Hayes. He was born in Morrisonville, January 5, 1893. He was six years old when the family moved from Morrisonville to Decatur.

With his brothers Edward A. Hayes attended the school of St. Patrick's Catholic Church while, with all the other boys of Decatur, he picked up the legendry of Abraham Lincoln and mused over the reminders of Lincoln's life in and about Decatur. The Hayes boys swam in Stevens Creek near the farm on which Lincoln lived—his first Illinois home. There were old residents of Decatur who loved to tell stories of the day when the lanky lawyer from Springfield would ride back to Decatur, his saddlebags filled with briefs and

books, to argue cases in the log court house.

Ed Hayes played baseball, hunted and fished—lived the life of every lively boy. But he was happiest when he had a new book or when he and his brothers were singing together while his mother played the accompaniments. These interests were to help determine his career. All during his rise to highest leadership in The American Legion, those who heard him speak noted the wide range of his vocabulary, one of the results of his boyhood reading. The informal musical recitals in his own home were succeeded by later appearances of the Hayes brothers in the dramatic entertainments of their town. Ed Hayes sang bass when he appeared with his brothers in a quartet and when he sang in the choir of St. Patrick's Church. The voice, trained by the musical education under his mother's direction, was later to win for him distinction as a public speaker.

The success of Mrs. Michael Hayes's methods of educating her sons is recorded in the careers of all of them. While Ed Hayes was acquiring his legal education his older brothers were winning recognition in other fields. Leo Hayes is now manager of the Equitable Life Assurance Company in Decatur. Thomas Hayes is Assistant General Manager of the Wabash Railroad. Dr. John M. Hayes, a distinguished physician and surgeon, is a lieutenant colonel in the Medical Reserve Corps and holds the British Military Cross for gallantry in action. Martin Hayes, the eldest of Ed Hayes's brothers, was traffic manager of the Union Pacific Railroad in St. Louis at the time of his death in November of 1933. Mrs. Hayes died in 1919.

Decatur is one of the busiest railroad centers of the Middle West. Here are located the terminal shops of the great Wabash system (Continued on page 42)

Out of The Lincoln Country

(Continued from page 41)

and its offices. When Ed Hayes was finishing his course in the school of St. Patrick's, it was natural that he should look ahead to the possible day when he might find a place in the service of the railroad. Not only was his father in railroad service, but two brothers also had placed their feet on the rungs which were later to take them far in railroading. A conventional path to service in the railroad offices was through Brown's Business College, an institution which for a score of years had trained for the business world the city's most promising and most ambitious youths.

Ed Hayes was only a boy of seventeen when he had mastered all that the business school could give him. One thing he had done extraordinarily well; he had won distinction as the school's most rapid, most accurate shorthand reporter. Like Woodrow Wilson and men in public life everywhere, this skill was to serve him all during his career. It won for him immediately upon graduation the main chance which was to determine his whole subsequent career.

An old friend of the Hayes family was John R. Fitzgerald, senior partner of one of the city's best-known law firms, Whitley and Fitzgerald. Mr. Fitzgerald had watched interestedly the progress of young Mr. Hayes. He gave Ed Hayes his first job, as a legal stenographer in an office in which he would have an opportunity to meet the foremost men of the bar in Decatur and to learn the groundwork of the law. Mr. Hayes rapidly won recognition. His extraordinary mastery of words, his speed and accuracy, soon made him known as the best legal reporter in the city. His earnings increased as his reputation grew, and with an eye to the next step ahead he saved much of what he earned. These savings were to finance his formal legal education.

In 1912 Ed Hayes enrolled in the law school of St. Louis University. Here recalls humorously today that he chose St. Louis University because his brother John M. Hayes was just completing his medical education in that school, and in family council the belief had been expressed that it would be fine if the younger Hayes were to study at a place where his older brother could keep watch on him. These circumstances were to have an unanticipated effect on Ed Hayes's later career.

It was only natural that the legal Mr. Hayes should take more than ordinary interest in the activities of his brother who was studying medicine. In his spare time, Ed Hayes would discuss with his brother many of the interesting things a young doctor sees and does in medical school. Spurred by his omnivorous reading tastes,

he scanned the medical textbooks. He got into the habit also of visiting the hospital clinics and operating rooms with his brother, and it was inevitable that in time he should discuss human ailments and operating technique as readily as he could talk about torts, negotiable instruments and the other things he learned from his legal text books.



Edward A. Hayes as an Ensign at Great Lakes Naval Training Station where he served as aide to Captain (later Admiral) W. A. Moffett

In the clinics and hospital rooms of St. Louis University Ed Hayes acquired the knowledge which was to make him after the World War one of the most valuable members of the National Rehabilitation Committee of The American Legion. When Ed Hayes appeared with other members of Legion committees before the boards of the Veterans Bureau and the Veterans Administration he could talk with the Government's medical officers in their own terms.

Mr. Hayes was graduated from his law school in the summer of 1915, and he was admitted to the bar in Illinois in the following autumn. Returning to Decatur he became associated with his old firm of

Whitley and Fitzgerald, but in 1916 he began an independent practice. In 1917 a boyhood friend, William Poyntelle Downing, was graduated from the law school of Notre Dame University, where he had been a roommate of a man who was to become famous as America's foremost football coach, Knute Rockne. Mr. Hayes and Mr. Downing had established the new law firm of Hayes and Downing when something happened which changed the plans of practically all the young men in Decatur as well as in the rest of the country. The United States entered the World War.

Upon the shores of Lake Michigan Uncle Sam began expanding his immense naval station, the Great Lakes Training Camp. While all Illinois watched, a great tent city took form on the sandy bluff above the lake beach, and the board walks began to echo the tramping of the multitudes of recruits from all parts of the United States.

All this was observed with unusual interest in Decatur, Illinois, where a score or more of young men who had been friends from boyhood had been pondering over plans to enlist in a group in some branch of service. An energetic naval recruiting officer in Decatur sized up this outfit as likely candidates for the decks of the new ships which were then only blue prints and specifications. Under the urging of the new recruiting officer, the Decatur youngsters journeyed together to Peoria where medical officers were examining in a large hall the hundreds of applicants who were arriving from a wide section of the State.

There are plenty of good stories in Decatur today concerning the examinations which the Decatur men took in that Peoria hall. One relates that Ed Hayes, who belongs to the spare rib order of human architecture, presented a problem in weight requirements. He was six feet tall and as thin as a sapling. He lacked by several pounds the weight which was the lowest allowable by the examination charts. Arthur F. Delahanty, one of Ed Hayes's friends, recalls that Mr. Hayes spent several hours eating bananas and drinking water from the fountains on Peoria's streets before the Decatur expeditionary force marched into the recruiting office. Anyway, Ed Hayes got by the medical officers, on June 27, 1917, signed on the dotted line, and with the other Decaturites went back home to wait for orders.

There is a photograph which was taken in Decatur on the morning the Great Lakes contingent boarded the train for camp. It shows Ed Hayes and almost a score of his friends wearing the clothes of 1917 which now seem to us almost as re-

mote as the garments which Americans wore in the bicycle age. In that group were Mr. Delahanty, William Poyntelle Downing and Frank C. Myer, all destined with Mr. Hayes to win commissions eventually, and to serve where Uncle Sam's naval lottery should send them. There were also Frank Muleady, Ed Hayes's future brother-in-law, Lynn Mooney, William Foran and a dozen others.

In time it was discovered that Apprentice Seaman Edward A. Hayes had had both stenographic and legal experience, and so after he had had his quota of digging ditches, sanitary work about the galleys and such like, he was translated to the comparative elevation of camp headquarters. Here his Commanding Officer was Captain W. A. Moffett, destined to become Rear Admiral Moffett, to win fame as one of the nation's most valuable authorities on the construction and navigation of giant airships and to perish in the tragedy of the *Akron*.

Captain Moffett welcomed Hayes as a gift of providence, for the executive details of the camp were tremendous and varied. Hayes assisted in the preparation of cases in the naval courts, as one of his most important functions. On his record he was promoted to ensign in August of 1918. After serving as Admiral Moffett's aide, he continued as aide to Moffett's successors, Admiral A. H. Scales and Admiral Frederick Bassett. Mr. Hayes completed twenty-one months of service before he was discharged on March 1, 1919.

MR. HAYES had entered the Navy a bachelor. He left it to find awaiting him the wife he had married in the autumn of 1918. She had been Miss Margaret Muleady, childhood schoolmate, sister of Frank Muleady with whom he had enlisted. Their marriage took place in Decatur in the autumn of 1918. Brother officers of Mr. Hayes took part in the ceremony at St. Patrick's Church which was the city's most colorful military wedding of the war period. Mr. and Mrs. Hayes today have four daughters. Margaret Mary is fourteen, Dorothy Ann eleven, Martha eight and Catherine five.

In the fifteen years which have passed since the World War Mr. Hayes has risen from fledgling lawyer to leading member of the bar in Decatur, and his advance-

ment in his profession has been paralleled by his activities in the Legion and the civic affairs of his community. When he was discharged from service he practiced law in Chicago with the firm of Gardner and Carton while he awaited the discharge of his friend and partner, William Poyntelle Downing. In November of 1919, the firm of Hayes and Downing was established in Decatur and both Mr. Hayes and Mr. Downing became charter members of Castle Williams Post of The American Legion. In 1929 the firm's name was changed to Hayes, Downing and Rosenberg, when Emanuel Rosenberg, another member of Castle Williams Post and veteran of the 33d Division, was made a partner.

Mr. Hayes has held many offices in the civic organizations of his community, and he has been continuously the leading spirit of Castle Williams Post of The American Legion. He holds an unusual record of participation in its affairs and the affairs of the Illinois Department. He was Department Commander in 1929-1930 and member of the National Executive Committee in 1932-1933. During the past year he served as Vice Chairman of the National Rehabilitation Committee.

Last spring when the Economy Act was passed by Congress at the request of the President and The American Legion appealed to the country to consider the injustices which the Act wrought upon almost every class of disabled service man, it fell to the lot of Mr. Hayes to help formulate the constructive program by which The American Legion proposed to end these injustices. This program was embodied in four proposals which Mr. Hayes, as Vice Chairman of the National Rehabilitation Committee, and other Legion authorities on rehabilitation drafted.

ALL Decatur turned out to welcome Mr. Hayes when he returned from the Chicago convention after his election as National Commander. The train with his special car halted in the central part of the city and after a parade he addressed a vast crowd which had gathered in Central Park despite a steady rain. Decatur had always been proud of its place in history as the city in which the G. A. R. was born. Within sight of the platform from which Mr. Hayes addressed the crowd which wel-

comed him was a bronze tablet marking the site of the building in which Dr. Stephenson in 1868 assembled the meeting of the first post of the G. A. R. Decatur found in the election of Mr. Hayes as National Commander the occasion for the greatest demonstration in its history, and the foremost citizens of the community paid tribute to him.

Castle Williams Post has set out to obtain one thousand members in 1934 to show its regard for its fellow member. In other ways the city has prepared to show its appreciation of the honor which Mr. Hayes has brought to it, for Decatur is a city in which community spirit has always been manifested by performances. It is one of the principal American cities to adopt the commission form of government. A dozen years ago its spirit was attested notably when it created for itself a twelve-mile lake upon its eastern fringe by damming the Sangamon River to provide a new source for its supply of water. This beautiful lake, involving the expenditure of several million dollars, constitutes one of the greatest civic projects undertaken by an American city. It is encircled by parks and golf courses and scenic drives.

The civic pride of Decatur spoke when J. J. Maloney, president of the Chamber of Commerce, declared at the homecoming celebration his appreciation of the great distinction that had come to Decatur. Edward A. Hayes said in response to this tribute and the other tributes paid him:

"Remember that we must become unified today more than at any other time in the history of this country. We can't be divided any more. Men and women are suffering in this country because there has been a division of thought in high places. You can't take care of them just by giving them money. You have got to make them know and understand and believe that we all love them and have been willing to die for them. That is one thing the Legion wants to do. We are going to try, and we want all of you members of the community, whether you served in the World War or not, to serve with us now. We have all got to enlist today under the same banner. I will exert my utmost as National Commander, and I shall want you all, recalling this particular day, to feel in your hearts that Ed Hayes was what you thought he was."

Happy New Year

(Continued from page 9)

polite to the guy next you in those moments, because maybe he was the last person you might ever talk to.

Well, we'd learned, after an experience or two in the foggy dawn, that if there was a bullet or a shell over there back yonder that had your name on it, you'd get it and if there wasn't, you wouldn't, so there was no use worrying. Still, that stuff was supposed to have finished months ago. We

had a new state of mind. We were going to live and go home and tell the folks about it and now to be brought back in that same old fog and cold and "Heads-I'm-alive-to-night-tails-I-ain't" atmosphere, especially to men just out of hospital after months of suffering, was a little discouraging. And to have gone through the battle and been wounded and to have cheated death and the Boche just the same, only to be rubbed

out in sight of home, on the first day of the first year of peace, was more hard luck than the average man could stand. Yeh, and the civilians wonder why the old soldiers all act a little goofy now and then!

It was the old United States Navy, long may she wave, that saved the day. I think the sailors put on a show to take the soldiers' minds off their troubles. First, with a great (Continued on page 44)

Happy New Year

(Continued from page 43)

deal of shouting and excitement, they laid a six-inch hawser along one side of the deck. Then, with more shouts and excitement, they picked it up and carried it around to the other side. A six-inch hawser that runs the length of the ship is not an easy thing to handle. They got one side laid all right, but when they got it to the other side, it seemed to be heavy all of a sudden. They couldn't haul it along the deck so easily. The boatswain, or whoever was in charge, blew his lungs out into a little whistle he had.

"Heave!" he hollered. "Heave an' she must! Heave an' she will! Heave an' a pawl! Heave an' away!"

The watching soldiers began to make side bets.

"Two bits they make it!"

"Two bits on the other guys!"

"Whaddyuh mean, other guys?"

"This is a game. A tug o' war. Looka over there!"

Some of us went aft, to where on the lower deck another crew of sailors was madly heaving the hawser in the opposite direction. They'd made their end fast to the mizzen mast and were pulling against the sailors on the promenade deck.

"Yeay!" howled the soldiers. "Pull 'em off their feet! We're bettin' on yuh!"

The two petty officers in charge, each of his gang, cheered their men on. But the men on the lower deck, being fewer, finally quit and threw their end of the hawser down. Immediately it snapped taut and the boys on the upper deck landed on the backs of their necks.

"Watell?" cried the boatswain, and leaped to the after rail. There he began to speak his mind and, finally, when he became coherent, demanded, "Who the blistering blazes belayed that line to the mast?"

"You said to belay an' haul!" called up someone from the lower deck.

"I said to belay an' haul? G'wan away to the spud cage and get to peelin'; that's all you're fit for, you swab! I said to stand clear; why don't you blow the scale outta your ears once a month anyway? 'Vast heavin'! Them gurry butts aft made the line fast an' we been tryin' to pull the mast outta her!"

The destroyer that had been to seaward had meanwhile crept in closer and in accordance with a probable previous agreement, a smart looking gun crew came aft with a neat brass cannon like a Fourth of July toy and made preparations to shoot a line to her. The soldiers gathered hurriedly and took good seats, sitting on their haunches like dogs to see what form of amusement this was going to be.

The little brass cannon loaded from the muzzle. Another petty officer read directions from a book. The gun crew bustled about. They had rammers, a tub of light line, a projectile and another line with the light line made fast to it. There was great

examining of the projectile to see which end went in first.

"Load!" ordered the petty officer. "Ram it home! Load, projectile! Stand clear!"

"Aye, aye, sir!"

"Thumb the breach!"

"Aye, aye, sir!"

"Splice the mainbrace!"

"Aye, aye, sir."

"Shiver my timbers!"

"Aye, aye, sir."

"Now, when she comes round again, stand by!"

The destroyer that was making circles to seaward, coming a little nearer with each one, came sliding around once more. A man on her bridge bellowed faintly through a megaphone: "Fire!"

Everyone had been looking at the destroyer to see what the red-faced man on her bridge was doing, everyone, that is, but the gunner, who did his duty. Bang went the brass cannon; the gun crew, startled out of their wits, nearly jumped overboard; out shot the projectile and about ten feet of line, the line fouled, and projectile, line, tub and instruction book went to hell together. The petty officer in charge at once turned and applied his foot smartly to that part of the gunner's anatomy that was handiest. The soldiers gave a cheer that could be heard above the storm and all laughed until the tears ran down their cheeks. How amusing this whole affair was!



At noon, when we were fed bully beef and hardtack, cold, and an hour or so later, mad with thirst from the salt food, we found that there was no water to drink, we decided it wasn't so amusing. No water to drink, no water to wash, no water for anything else. The ship had been driven so far into the sand that her intake pipes had all been clogged, she couldn't keep up steam

without water, and as all the cooking was done by steam, there could be no more cooking. Twenty-five hundred people, crew and wounded, on a ship without water! Too much outside and none inside.

"Huh," said the boys from bunk to bunk that night. "Pershing said hell or Hoboken by Christmas. He was right. It'll be one or the other before tomorrer night."

The second day was as stormy as the first, but there had been a lot of changes during the night. The first was that everything in New York Harbor that would float—destroyers, subchasers, transports, mine sweepers, a ferry boat or two, and a couple of Sound steamers—had come down the harbor and were standing by to seaward. It was the biggest aggregation of craft that ever gathered in that neck of the ocean.

Shoreward, someone, the Red Cross probably, had set up a big ward tent on the beach.

The old *Northern Pacific*, herself, shoved by the wind and tide, had swung broadside, and was now firmly fixed on the shore. No danger of her breaking in two or sinking. But the storm still raged, the surf still thundered, we were almost a quarter of a mile from shore, and it was becoming imperative that they get us off the wreck, and doggone quick! Just shut off the water in your own house and see in how short a time it becomes uninhabitable.

Well, I will say that the Navy's efforts to get us off that day approached the frantic. The gobs had to take it, too, as well as the wounded, and they had to work. God knows what they did; I don't, but when they went off watch they fell right in their tracks without even taking off their oilskins and slept, right on the deck, with men walking over them as though they were stiffs.

The life savers on shore got a line out to us finally and an effort was made to evacuate the ship that way. They tried it on some of the well men first, but the line was too long and the man in the breeches buoy was under water most of the way to shore. It being midwinter and the water somewhat cool, it was decided that what convalecents went ashore that way would be eligible for the Wooden Cross by the time they got there, so that was given up.

The Navy, still with that fond desire to get a line to one of the ships to seaward and having been unable to shoot one out, had the bright thought to send a motor cutter out with one. That was one manifestation by the navy boys that did not amuse the Army. That launch went around the *Northern Pacific's* stern and started right straight for shore, but backwards. Anyone that had had any doubts about the force of the wind and sea had them removed then. The poor lads in the launch broke out oars and pulled for all they were worth to help the motor and we could hear the coxswain

calling to them and urging them on to greater effort, but the storm had them in its grip and they were in the breakers in another minute. I went away, because I never could stand that sort of thing. That afternoon I saw the cutter, bottom up, ashore way down the beach.

THINGS kept on getting tougher that night. If the gale kept on, or a fresh one came up, we were doomed to die of thirst right there in sight of home. The ship was so big and there were so many of us and the life-saving equipment so inadequate to handle a wreck of that size and the people in danger so powerless to help themselves. Who, in planning to save life at sea, ever considered a passenger list of fifteen hundred cripples? It was lucky that most of the boys—and girls—aboard knew nothing about the sea except that it was salt. I don't believe ten people realized the fearful situation they were in, outside of the officers and crew. Those that did kept it to themselves. Things were bad enough without starting a panic. If the wind shifted to the north and it came on to freeze, there wouldn't be a soldier on the boat ever see home again.

The third day some seaplanes flew over and back across the ship and threw down some newspapers with an account of the wreck in them. The papers said we were all well and comfortable, that we were in no danger, and that most of the boys had thought they were in Hoboken at the dock when the ship struck. That was true enough, but the rest of the account occasioned some mild laughter and some resentment. If all was so safe out here and the sea so calm, why the hell not get us off this old hulk? Aside from the fact that we had no desire to stay on Fire Island—that's where the paper said we were—the *Northern Pacific* was beginning to smell a little high.

That afternoon there was a period of calm, the wind let up and the tide going out made the danger of being cast ashore much less, so a bunch of subchasers made a dash for us. There was no formal order given to abandon ship. The white-faced, haggard sailors began running about the decks throwing ropes and ladders over the side, all the apparatus for abandoning in a hurry in case of torpedoing being still in place, and then we were invited to help ourselves.

Also, anything you ever wanted to see again you'd better take with you. That

was simple enough for the wounded, but the coast artillery detachment had invested heavily in souvenirs during their stay in Brest—German helmets, knapsacks and bayonet tassels. They appeared with them to the delight of the convalescents. One poor lad, as much out of place in that gang of case-hardened fighters as a lamb in a wolf pack, who had been appointed striker to the commanding officer of the coast artillery to save him from the hardships of the common soldier's life, appeared in warrior's garb complete with gas mask and tin hat, a French bayonet hung to his belt. Poor kid, those were his souvenirs of the war and he wanted to keep them, but the Kaiser himself wouldn't have drawn a bigger crowd, nor more squad-room comment. The kid, however, continued to wear his tin hat and his gas mask and his French bayonet and the wounded men wept tears of joy when they looked at him.

A subchaser would come up under a bunch of rope ladders and hang on to three or four. Then if you had the courage, you could go down, hoping you'd hit the deck and not the sea. I didn't go. I didn't like the look of it. I couldn't hold on to the ladder anyway. Some went. Some got ashore in one of the ship's lifeboats. A crew of life savers from Navesink got their big power boat alongside and took off some more. Maybe a hundred in all got off. That night I saw the sailors going through the barrack bags of the men who had left the ship. Okay by me. As I said before, all the wounded had for baggage was a tooth brush, which if any gob wanted he could have.

The fourth day they got me off. I went down the sea ladder, that sort of stairway that ships have to take passengers aboard when they aren't at a dock. The sea ladder had been shipped to take some nurses off and I helped one of them down it. There was a great deal of uproar from the deck, because only nurses and officers were supposed to use that ladder, but I was down it and wouldn't go up again, so there was no use yelling at me.

I'd just got on the subchaser, when a big sea came along and sucked her under the sea ladder, just as the *Northern Pacific* rolled to the same sea. The sea ladder punched a hole in the subchaser's deck and an officer that was getting ready to board, fell into the water. He had a swell pair of new boots around his neck—he'd seen the

bag-inspection by the Navy the night before, too—and these boots filling with water he very nearly drowned in spite of the three boat hooks they had in his clothes, but they got him in and took him and me and the nurses out to the *Solace*, a hospital ship, and heaved us all in through the port in the side. The *Solace* was a nice ship, all fitted up to handle wounded men. The sailors on board were in the best of spirits. They had the fire room full of Pelham Bay ballroom sailors, swept up by the police on New Year's morning and sent to the Yard in response to the hurry call for anything in a sailor's uniform. And as these Pelham Bay boys were unable to do anything connected with the sea but shovel coal, the fire room was where they went to the delight of the old shell-backs.

They took us up the harbor the next day and we spent the night on an old excursion steamer somewhere, fighting the bed bugs. The next day we were taken to hospital at Fox Hills and held for observation. We were there three days, while we were deloused and shaved and the bugs we had got on the excursion steamer pried out of us. And I drew my first pay in thirteen months. It didn't do me any good though, because they had taken all my clothes away from me. It was almost a week before I was sent to Camp Merritt and finally given leave to go to New York.

WHEN I got home I learned the aftermath of the wireless message I had sent saying I'd be home on the *Northern Pacific*. Telegrams were still being issued announcing deaths in action, so that my family missed a few heart beats until the message was opened and read. I'd been wounded twice already and my family were certainly pleased to know that all was now over and I was home and probably ashore at that moment (I was too, and how!) and they wouldn't have to say a prayer every time the door bell rang any more.

Then, at breakfast the next morning, my father opens the paper and sees the headline, "Northern Pacific Ashore in Gale." Well, I will say that it kind of discouraged them.

It would seem to me, from what I read in the paper, that some one has run the old soldiers ashore again, just as they were getting into port, after all their trials and tribulations. Well, it will make a good story to tell the kids, anyway.

If We're Ready to Fight

(Continued from page 15)

maintenance of the strength of the Regular Army and for the continued maintenance of the National Guard in its present admirable state of high efficiency. Our position toward America's naval defense can be expressed in fewer words than a telegram: A treaty Navy and men to man it. All of us must have been heartened by the message of the Secretary of the Navy

to the fleet on last Navy Day, October 27th, and by the radio address of Admiral William H. Standley, Chief of Naval Operations. The current emergency naval building program will go far to overcome the neglect in building up our fleet, Admiral Standley said, but he added:

"It does not go far enough. With the Navy at treaty strength, provision should

be made to maintain it at such strength. This can be accomplished only by the adoption of a sound, businesslike annual program of building which will not only provide for replacement of ships as they become obsolete but will keep our Navy modernized and up to date. In addition, such a program will, in my opinion, have a great stabilizing (Continued on page 46)

If We're Ready to Fight

(Continued from page 45)

effect upon the economic and industrial activities of the country."

I can do no better in conclusion than to quote verbatim from the National Defense resolution which your delegates adopted at the Chicago National Convention. Here is our defense program in succinct and specific detail:

An adequate national defense requires:

1—A Regular Army of 14,000 officers and 165,000 enlisted men.

2—A National Guard of 210,000 enlisted men with proportionate officers, and with adequate provisions for forty-eight weekly drills and fifteen days annual training.

3—A Reserve Corps of 120,000 officers (the minimum number to meet initial mobilization) with a cycle of training so arranged each year as to maintain a standard reasonably efficient throughout the Corps and with provision for the training of at least 26,000 reserve officers for the next fiscal year.

4—A Reserve Officers Training Corps in each qualified school and college desiring it so as to provide the necessary source of supply for the Officers Reserve Corps with the restoration of the six weeks' annual camp for the advanced-courses students.

5—Citizens Military Training Corps for not less than 50,000 youths per year for one month.

6—Adequate peace time supplies and planning for procurement in time of emergencies, including the placing of small orders for munitions to keep private plants prepared for emergencies.

7—Sufficient appropriation for the conduct of the National Rifle Matches, the small arms firing school and for reasonable assistance to civilian rifle clubs.

8—The Legion endorses and supports the final recommendations of the Commission created by a Congressional resolution, entitled "Joint resolution to promote peace, and to

equalize the burdens and to minimize the profits of war."

These recommendations were submitted to the President on March 3, 1932, in the report of the War Policies Commission. The Legion further commends the studies being made in the War and Navy Departments, through the Joint Army and Navy Selective Service Committee, for the use of our man-power in the event of a major emergency.

An adequate national defense requires:

1—A treaty Navy and men to man it.

2—Immediate construction of sufficient ships to bring our Navy up to treaty strength.

3—Immediate increase of Regular naval enlisted personnel from 79,900 to 91,400 men properly to man our present ships and stations, with a proportionate increase in officer personnel.

4—Further increases in officer and enlisted personnel of the Regular Navy to man additional ships as they are built in bringing the Navy up to treaty strength.

5—For the Naval and Marine Corps Reserve, funds to provide forty-eight drills and fifteen days of active duty training in each year.

An adequate national defense requires:

1—That Congress be requested to create forthwith a special committee to investigate the present condition of our aviation services, Army, Navy, and Marine Corps, with power to make such recommendations as to it may seem necessary, and that Congress be requested to appropriate sufficient funds for said committee.

2—We strongly oppose the curtailment of pre-existing services of the Aeronautical Section of the Department of Commerce and recommend that sufficient funds be made available to carry on the work as heretofore.

The American Legion is opposed to the consolidation of the Army, Navy, and Marine Corps within a single department for national defense.

The effectiveness of this program depends

entirely upon its uniform and energetic application in the several Departments, under the central authority of the National Commander and in accord with the clear directions of this convention. We recommend organization of National Defense Councils in every town. Such councils may be patterned after the Illinois plan and should include all service and patriotic and fraternal organizations interested in national defense.

For the third time we have defined an adequate national defense and stated our definite reasons for a concrete program. To carry into execution the program adopted in 1931 at Detroit, and 1932 at Portland and reiterated here, we direct:

1—That all posts be advised of their Congressmen's vote on the questions of national defense.

2—That our officers inform every Senator and Representative in Congress as to our program for an adequate national defense and that we insist upon Congress providing for it at the earliest practicable moment.

Here is a program to which every Legionnaire and every American should be proud to subscribe. It represents the considered judgment of men who know what war is and who are not anxious to have another, and who believe with an intense conviction that war will never seek a prepared America.

Within a short time National Headquarters will distribute to posts an interesting and enlightening presentation of the case for National Defense. I urge all post officers especially to see that this material is given wide distribution in turn in their communities. Let the public know the facts and the Legion's position on this vital part of our program.

On Les Aura!

(Continued from page 5)

as reporter for the venerable general, some of his eloquence may be lost.

"THEY SHALL NOT PASS!" Four words. Short words. Simple words. No lyricism here; no verbal magic. Prose, blunt and humble; commonplace and unadorned—like the shaggy poilus of Verdun. As their rude exteriors concealed an interior majesty, so this brief, rude phrase hid an invincible resolve to resist to the end. "They shall not pass!" On the heights of the Meuse, in the valleys of the Ardennes and the Argonne, Breton and Gascon, Norman and Burgundian, Savoyard and Parisian join hearts and hands, giving their all to make this sacred pledge come true.

"They Shall Not Pass!" When and where this phrase was first spoken; under what circumstances—all this is "known but to God." But we do know that it was born in the mud and sleeplessness, the hunger and thirst of the trenches about Verdun. Date, early in 1916. Place, anywhere in this blood-drenched sector of death, in the

Fort de Vaux, at Douaumont, or before Dead Man's Hill (where American troops made history in the summer of 1918). No man, no book of historic quotations can identify the author of this solemn oath; he remains anonymous and unknown. Who was he? Some hard-boiled sergeant; some peasant from La Vendée dreaming of his verdant fields; some homesick artisan of Paris longing for his boulevards and his *midinette*? We cannot say; we can only conjecture.

And yet, with absolute certitude, we can affirm that, whoever he was, the unknown phrase-maker of Verdun was a real man and a true soldier. Indifferent to suffering and danger, he was ready to die. Perhaps he did die.

But our heroic phrase-maker must share the paternity of this martial motto with his comrades. Without them, these magnificent words would have remained unspoken. Every combatant at Verdun, from the corps commander to the humblest buck private, participated in their fatherhood.

The American volunteers had an enviable part in creating the atmosphere of "They shall not pass." Reckless of themselves, unmindful of peril, they were the forerunners of the A. E. F. Through them, America may claim some of the credit in inspiring the anonymous author of "They shall not pass."

All the while the battle went on. Incessantly the enemy artillery boomed desolation and death. Time and again the Kronprinz hurled his shock troops against the breastworks of Verdun—in vain. He had the advantage of position, the superiority of means and numbers—but to no avail.

French fortifications were far from perfect; but, as Ambassador Hugh C. Wallace remarked at Verdun, they successfully resisted all assaults because the French hearts which defended them were stronger still. In consequence, despite surprise attacks, enemy strategy and murderous barrages, "They shall not pass" held firm, and history was able to enshrine this sub-

lime phrase on the roster of immortal words.

Once again I hear the Marshal, as before the Ossuary of Douaumont, evoke the imperishable figure of the Soldier of Verdun, whose courage astonished the world:

"Those serious visages revealed an interior mastery. Those clear and fearless eyes expressed an inner assurance. Back in 1916, how many of these heroes did we see, crowded into trucks which in long files followed the Sacred Way to reach Verdun.

"After the Chief"—that is, Marshal Pétain—"had read in their faces the rugged determination of the soldiers, after he had noted the co-ordinated ardor behind the lines, he allowed this cry of confidence to escape: 'We've got them! . . . On les aura!'"

As the Marshal pronounces this phrase, I feel a thrill similar (I believe) to that which his soldiers felt back in April, 1916, when this battle tocsin leaped from his soul to find its place in an army order.

"Please notice," said the Marshal, "that 'They shall not pass' is an imperfect soldier slogan. It is negative, and merely expresses an unalterable will to resist the enemy and defend La Patrie. Such a phrase is good as far as it goes. But to stop the enemy, to repulse his attacks, is not sufficient; he must be forced back and destroyed; we must take the offensive.

"This confidence in the final success of Allied arms, this hope of resuming the offensive one day and of decisively defeating the adversary, this confidence and this hope, I say, in embryo, are to be found in these three words taken from the soldier language of our poilus . . . On les aura! . . . We'll get them . . . We've got them.

"Quite naturally one day these words flowed from my pen (only it was a pencil) because they certainly corresponded to the innermost feelings of all the soldiers. It was on April 9, 1916. On that day the enemy had attacked with greater violence than ever, but our troops remained firm and immovable. After two years of war, after two months of the most terrible of battles, our soldiers, once again, revealed their incomparable moral qualities.

"The spectacle of such military virtues would not permit me to doubt of the final victory. It is this faith that I tried to express in my order of the day."

Here the Marshal handed me a copy of General Order No. 94, dated April 10, 1916. It reads as follows:

"April 9 is a glorious day for our armies; the furious assaults of the Kronprinz have been broken everywhere; infantrymen, sappers, aviators and artillerymen of the Second Army have rivaled each other in heroism.

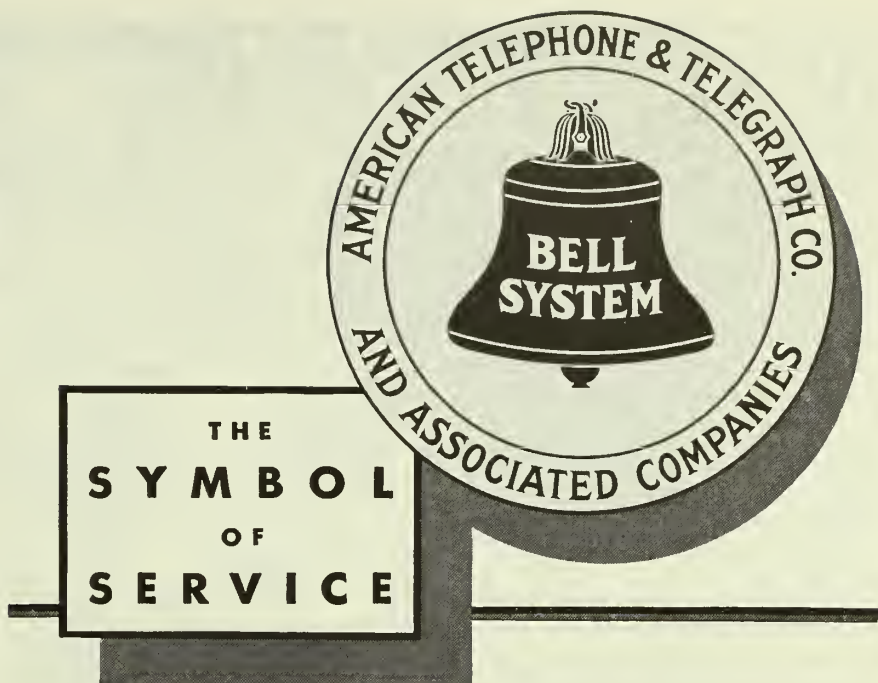
"Honor to all of them!

"The Germans will likely attack again. Let everybody work and watch to obtain the same success as yesterday.

"Courage! On les aura!"

"PH. PÉTAIN."

The original order was written on a random piece of paper which has not been preserved.



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Laboratories and Western Electric, is the American Telephone and Telegraph Company. It is owned largely by the people it serves and there are nearly 700,000 stockholders. They represent a cross-section of the American people; they come from every walk of life and live in every state of the Union. No one owns as much as one per cent of its stock.

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BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

Charting the Course for 1934

(Continued from page 17)

restriction of disability benefits by reason of employment by the Federal Government. Against the ruling which would prevent disabled service men serving upon official boards judging disability claims. Extension of the marriage date to 1941, to permit widows married prior to this date to receive federal benefits. Consideration by the Veterans Administration of all insurance claims pending on March 20, 1933, with the right of claimants to sue in Federal Courts if claims are rejected. Protection of the rights of insurance beneficiaries whose payments were discontinued by reason of re-ratings under the Economy Act, and insuring to these claimants the right to sue in Federal Courts. Requiring the Veterans Administration to advise veterans whose claims are rejected the reasons for the rejections. Opposition to any recentralization of field activities and facilities of the Veterans Administration. Broadening the functions of Review Boards, so as to permit them to determine the service connection of presumptive cases rated at less than ten percent.

IMMIGRATION: Cut to ten percent the immigration from both quota and non-quota countries permissible under the Act of 1924. Exclusion of alien communists and expulsion of those engaging in activities aiming at the overthrow of our Government. Deportation of all aliens proved to be members of the Third Internationale. The registration and record of the physical characteristics of all aliens.

FOREIGN RELATIONS: Opposition to cancellation of war debts owed to this country. Opposing America's adherence to the World Court or entry into the League of Nations.

John Thomas Taylor, Vice-Chairman of the National Legislative Committee, and Watson B. Miller, Chairman of the National Rehabilitation Committee, spoke to the Department Commanders and Adjutants and to the National Executive Committee on the legislative prospects for the coming session of Congress which begins early in January. Mr. Taylor said that repeal of prohibition legislation and monetary policies will probably occupy the center of the stage when Congress convenes, but that bills covering every phase of the Legion's program will be introduced at the earliest time possible and pressed vigorously.

The National Executive Committee selected October 22d to 25th as the dates for the 1934 National Convention to be held in Miami, Florida. A delegation of eighteen Legionnaires representing the railroads of Florida came to Indianapolis to explain transportation facilities to the representatives of all the States.

Upon the retirement of Bowman Elder of Indianapolis as National Treasurer, the National Executive Committee appointed

as his successor, Neal Grider of Indianapolis, finance officer of the Indiana Department. Mr. Grider was commissioned a second lieutenant of infantry after attending Officers' Training Camp at Fort Benjamin Harrison in 1918. He served overseas with the 356th Infantry of the 89th Division, was promoted to first lieutenant and fought in the St. Mihiel and Meuse-Argonne Offensives as well as in other actions. Mr. Grider,



who is a vice-president of the Peoples State Bank of Indianapolis, has been prominently identified with the civic activities of his city. As a member of Indianapolis Post No. 4 of the Legion and the Indianapolis voiture of the Forty and Eight he has been continuously a Legion leader since 1919.

National Commander Hayes nominated Frank E. Samuel of Wichita, Kansas, for National Adjutant and he was re-elected by the National Executive Committee.

The Executive Committee also re-elected Remster Bingham of Indiana as National Judge Advocate, and Thomas M. Owen, Jr., of Alabama, as National Historian.

In his addresses at the meetings National Commander Hayes explained his attitude which will govern his efforts to obtain fulfillment of the four-point rehabilitation program. He referred to the fact that at the Chicago national convention the President of the United States, "honestly on his part, had some ideas which were diametrically opposed to the present attitude of The American Legion.

"There never will be a time, when speaking on this or any other subject, when your National Commander will fail to say at the outset there is no desire on his part to in any way disparage the attitude of the Chief Executive," Mr. Hayes declared. "Nor will there be any possibility that any political consideration is involved. As far as your National Commander is concerned, there will be no adverse political criticism of the President of the United States.

"But, in Chicago, the national convention gave me some orders. They are orders

to you just the same as they are to me. When we differ honestly in opinion with the Chief Executive, it is our job to say in terms which cannot be misunderstood what we were told to say by the Chicago convention.

"Our desire is to see to it that the light of truth shines upon the actual facts, and when it does, we will take the consequences in the decision of public opinion."

Mr. Hayes announced that, in carrying out the Chicago convention's mandates, he had appointed a national committee which will co-ordinate the activities of the entire American Legion for the suppression of crime. He outlined also steps which will be taken to carry out the other programs for 1934 designated by the Chicago convention.

Ray Murphy of Iowa, retiring chairman of the National Legislative Committee, in addresses declared that the temperate attitude of the Legion under the provocation of the passage of the Economy Act had improved the Legion's position in the eyes of the country and made possible the gains which come in the new year.

"A better day for the Legion, a fairer day for the disabled, began," he said. "The moral and material disaster predicted for the Legion was averted. Our fairness and moderation confused our most caustic critics. The new regulations were modified and softened, bringing untold relief to thousands of cottage doors back home. Today we march under our own colors; we, only, control our policies, and if the four-point plan of the Chicago convention is to be adopted into law we must not be misled by the red herring that demagogues may drag across the trail; we must not sit idly by and permit without protest the passage of bribe legislation, which, in the light of sad experience, we know will eventually endanger our service-connected disabled, our widows and children, and our hospitalization program."

For five days during the conference of Department Commanders and Adjutants and the meeting of the National Executive Committee, a special committee of the National Executive Committee conducted a trial of the New Mexico Department on charges growing out of alleged violations of the Legion's fundamental laws and principles. The charges grew out of differences of long standing between contending factions in the State. The special committee reported the charges substantiated and by roll-call vote, the National Executive Committee ordered the charter of the Department suspended. National Commander Hayes issued a statement explaining the effect of the action taken by the committee.

"Suspension of the department charter does not remove present department officials and post officers from their positions," Mr. Hayes said. "The action of

the National Executive Committee did not contemplate abandonment of The American Legion organization in that State, and the Legion program and functions will be continued. The present officers will continue their duties under my direction as the executive head of the national organization, subject to the closest scrutiny of their actions, until the committee authorized by the same action that suspended the charter is constituted and has taken charge."

The national committee authorized the National Commander to appoint a committee "to supervise the Department and control it," and for the appointment of a co-ordinator to work with the committee and the National Commander.

As its final action, the National Executive Committee approved the appointments of the chairmen of national committees for 1935 and members of the committees to fill vacancies. The committee heads are:

Finance, Wilder S. Metcalf of Kansas; Rehabilitation, Watson B. Miller of the District of Columbia, chairman, and Earl V. Cliff of Minnesota, vice chairman; Child Welfare, Milt D. Campbell of Ohio, chairman, and Dr. Henry Watters of California, vice-chairman; Americanism, Paul H. Griffith of Pennsylvania, chairman; National Legislative Committee, Raymond J. Kelly of Michigan, chairman, and John Thomas Taylor of the District of Columbia, vice-chairman; National Defense, Amos A. Fries of the District of Columbia, chairman; World Peace and Foreign Relations, H. Nelson Jackson of Burlington, Vermont, chairman; Education of War Orphans, P. C. Harris of Georgia, director.

Distinguished Guest Committee, Milton J. Foreman of Illinois, chairman; Publicity, Jack R. C. Cann of Michigan, chairman; Trophies and Awards, Matty B. Bain of Pennsylvania, chairman; Sons of The American Legion, Bryce P. Beard of North Carolina, chairman; Markmanship, Frank J. Schneller of Wisconsin, chairman; Veterans Preference, Edward L. Marthill of District of Columbia, chairman; National Pilgrimage, William M. Morrell of District of Columbia, chairman; Graves Registration, Mancell Talcott of Illinois, chairman; Source Records Commission, John Lewis Smith of the District of Columbia, chairman.

Resolutions Assignments Committee, Paul R. Younts of North Carolina, chairman; Aeronautics Commission, John Dwight Sullivan of New York, chairman; Emblem Committee, Edward Carruth of Kansas, chairman; Law and Order Committee, Charles Ely of Massachusetts, chairman, and Vincent A. Carroll of Pennsylvania, vice-chairman; Paris Memorial Building, Edward J. Neary of New York, chairman; Italian Pilgrimage, Edward E. Spafford of New York, chairman; Committee on Committee Revisions, Sam Reynolds of Nebraska, chairman; Committee on Revision of Manual of Ceremonies, James K. Fisk of California, chairman.

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History Under Our Eyes

(Continued from page 11)

of the magnitude of the task he had set for himself we went to lengths which I believe are without parallel in our history to permit the President to work his will. For months anything smacking of criticism or adverse comment was suppressed with crusader-like zeal. It was unpatriotic to hold an opinion contrary to that of the chieftain of the New Deal. Lawyers might shake their heads in private over the constitutionality of some of the authority reposed with the Executive, but in public they said nothing. The lid was on, the censorship self-imposed—which is the only effective censorship.

That phase is passing, but it lasted long enough to serve the worthy purpose of giving the President time to lay his ground plans. Now that these are laid, and we are beginning to comprehend something of their purpose, the time has come to throw some of them into the open forum for discussion. If everyone held the same opinion about everything this would be not only a dull world but an unprogressive one. The New Deal should profit by intelligent and honest criticism. Of course, it will attract much criticism that will be neither intelligent nor honest. It will attract criticism of the scatter-brained, political and selfish varieties. But everything that is worth while has been achieved in the face of such criticism. One of the proofs of its worthiness is the ability to succeed against this kind of opposition.

GLANCE back again over the record since March and see what the Federal Government has accomplished. In the light of our understanding of these things to date, how many of them should be done away with? By this I do not mean improved, perfected, modified or smoothed out. I mean done away with—abandoned.

Note these high spots: A financial panic and national neurosis of fear ended by closing all banks until the people should get their breath, and reopening the sound ones; repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment and the promise of reduced Federal taxation and a balanced budget; cutting away from the gold standard with a subsequent revival of foreign trade as the dollar could meet the debased currencies of other great nations on a more equal basis; the National Industrial Recovery Act, by which the Government becomes a partner in the industry of the nation, controlling competition, shortening hours, increasing wages and thereby increasing consumption and employment; the Agricultural Adjustment Act by which a virtual dictatorship is set up over agriculture with a view to raising the farmers' income \$5,000,000,000 a year, or double that of 1932, and by increasing the farmers' buying power put to work 6,000,000 men in industry who make and sell the things farmers buy when they

have the money they did four years ago; direct emergency relief in the form of a \$500,000,000 grant to States; indirect emergency relief through a Federal appropriation of \$3,300,000,000 for public works; home mortgage relief; bank deposit insurance; the Civilian Conservation Corps. The list could be lengthened and an article written about each item on it.

All this is going to cost six or seven billion dollars, and well may people ask where this money is coming from.

In the Government's books certain projects and activities are set down as self-liquidating, meaning that they will pay for themselves, as, for example, a municipally-owned lighting plant pays for itself. But this is rather a bookkeeping expression, for in the long run the six or seven billions must come from the pockets of the American people and of their customers abroad. Should the New Deal fail flatly we are all this money in the red, added to what we already owe. The New Deal is not going to fail flatly, however, and it may succeed beyond our expectations. In this event six or seven billions will become a charge against the return of prosperity easily met from the cornucopia of good times. In the years between 1920 and '29 we clipped about \$10,000,000,000 from the national debt and hardly noticed it.

And now we have another factor in the budget program—Repeal. According to sound estimates Repeal will add \$800,000,000 a year to Federal revenues alone by diverting to the Treasury money which heretofore has gone to bootleggers, thugs and conniving officials. This is one-fifth of the normal running expenses of the Government. A year ago Repeal, or even beer, seemed a remote probability. All of which goes to show that things are happening fast and that 1934 may really see us out of the woods.

If it does we shall find ourselves in a new, and, I think, a better world.

As everyone is aware we have survived depressions before, but never by the means adopted to put this one out of business. A depression is a hangover from an economic debauch, or boom. A boom is a borrowing operation, represented by reckless expansion of credit on fictitious ideas of value. A depression is a repaying operation. It is impossible to pay dollar for dollar, so in the end debtor pays creditor what he can via the bankruptcy route and other less formal modes of liquidation. That was the old and heroic way a depression "wore itself out," and was the method dictated by the individualistic economic school which dominated the affairs of this country from the settlement of the English colonies until March 4th last. This school of thought made a fetish of the "rugged individualism" of American industry and its slogan was to "keep the Government out of busi-

ness" in so far as possible at all times, whether normal, boom or depression. The New Deal is substituting the "planned society" for the old rugged individualism—bearing in mind that both terms are to a certain extent exaggerations.

The new school of economic thought recognizes individual initiative and the native American genius for business and industry. It recognizes that Americans can build and successfully operate railroad systems, steel mills, cattle ranches, cotton plantations, chain groceries and automobile plants. But it also sets forth that we have not learned to run these enterprises in the proper relation to each other, making for a continuous free interchange of commodities and services and the stability of prices and wages.

IF THIS were not true we should not be in our present predicament. The new economic school takes a bird's-eye view of the industrial map. It tries to see it as a whole, with each separate industry a part of one machine. Some sort of central control is necessary to avert smash-ups such as we had in 1929. The only agency big enough to exercise that control is the Federal Government. Right now the control is more rigid than anything the American people have seen, except momentarily during the war. It is also rather crudely and imperfectly exercised. This is because the new régime took over in the darkest hour of an emergency and has had to work unduly fast. Once over the rise, control will be relaxed considerably and injustices and inconsistencies ironed out. The National Recovery Administration is self-extinguishing two years from the date of passage, but the principle behind it has come to stay.

Although things change more rapidly in America than any place else on the globe we are, nevertheless, worshippers of precedent. If rugged individualism made us one of the great industrial nations of the earth why should we junk it for an untried experiment? One hears that question rather often. Well, in the first place we haven't junked individualism. In the second place the theory of a planned society is not an untried one. And in the third place a three-minute review of economic history might clarify the issue some.

The English colonists were turned loose on these shores without governmental restrictions as to what they might do to subdue the wilderness, and witness their success in contrast to that of the French and Spanish colonists tied to the apron strings of a government three or four thousand miles away. We prospered as no transplanted people have ever prospered, and when England sought to tax us out of a share of that prosperity and generally assert a parental voice in our affairs we rebelled and set up on our own under the

title of United States of America. Thomas Jefferson declared that the government is best which governs least, and our rugged individualism continued its lusty conquest of Indians, Spaniards, lands, forests, minerals. Jefferson said it would take a hundred generations for cities and civilization to reach the Pacific slope, so that a change in our economic policy was something no one need worry about just then.

Mr. Jefferson's estimate was long by about ninety-five generations. After the Civil War the end of the free-for-all exploitation of natural resources began to loom in sight. So industrialists began to exploit their fellow men, and the resurgence of industrial activity that followed the depression of 1873-'78 saw the gestation of mechanized industrialism. The first trusts were born—the Standard Oil Company, the Carnegie Steel Company and certain railroad combinations.

The turn of the century saw the reckless efflorescence of the individualistic system defying, and on the whole successfully, governmental regulation up to and beyond the debacle of 1929. True, the growing abuses and mounting popular resentment brought on the "trust-busting" crusade of Theodore Roosevelt. Wilson carried regulation a little further by less spectacular means. Then came the war and in two years' time we had a regimented society with the new economic theorists almost as firmly in the saddle as they are at the present moment. Bernard M. Baruch was head of the War Industries Board. Now he is a member of the brain trust and his protégé, General and Legionnaire Hugh Johnson, is running the NRA. The wartime setup was temporary. What might have happened except for the tragedy that struck down Woodrow Wilson in the fall of 1919 no one knows. We only know that in 1921 rugged individualism was back at the helm. The banner of free competition was nailed to the masthead. This included competition in extending credit, whether to a housewife for the purchase of an electric toaster or to a banana republic to build a marble opera house and line the pockets of the statesmen in power; and all values were inflated to justify such credits. Thus we sailed into a fool's paradise, and then over Niagara Falls.

I perceive that I have written the words brain trust, an expression which with the fade-out of Professor Moley has been little heard of late. The disappearance of Mr. Moley arose from personal considerations wholly, and does not mean that the brain trust has gone out of business. It is very much in business, though its true function remains as vaguely understood as in the early days last spring. Then the impression seemed to be that the trust comprised a mysterious group of super-savants who had suddenly sprung from holes in the ground to advise Mr. Roosevelt, and that the stupendous program that followed has been one of desperate improvisation contrived from day to day. This would be

something to lose sleep over if true. It is not true.

The forerunner of the brain trust was a going concern before Mr. Roosevelt ever heard of it and before one of its original members had ever met him. The story has not been related in print before, so far as I know.

Adolf A. Berle, Jr., is a New York lawyer and economist and a member of the faculty of Columbia University. In 1919 he was a member of Mr. Wilson's economic staff at the peace conference in Paris. He saw the creation and understood from an economist's point of view the operation of a planned society in wartime when a national emergency would not permit us the luxury of free competition and the full swing of individual enterprise. In June, 1932, Mr. Berle—pronounced Ber'-ly—was eating lunch at the Harvard Club in Forty-fourth Street when he met a friend who was, and is, staff economist for one of the great New York banks. They adjourned to the lounge and had a long talk, reviewing the economic situation of the country in some detail. All lines of business activity were declining, commodity prices had about reached the vanishing point, underlying capital obligations—stocks and bonds—had shrunk so much that hardly a bank or life insurance company or business in America was solvent. There was not a hopeful sign on the horizon. The old heroic way of liquidating a depression by the bankruptcy route which had worked in the days of a simpler economic structure was proving more than the traffic could bear.

"How long," ventured Berle, "do you think we can hold out?" He meant when would the banking system of the United States fold up.

The staff economist for the great New York bank said January 1, 1933.

Berle said he believed the crash would come before that.

The two parted with an engagement to meet again at a moderate-priced little restaurant in the financial district downtown. Some friends were also invited, including Professors Rexford G. Tugwell and Charles W. Taussig. These meetings became regular things, called kaffee-klatsches. These young economists—all of them under forty—began to work on a plan to save America from chaos which contemplated a constitutional dictatorship. None of them were particularly interested in party politics, but they did not overlook the fact that 1932 was a Presidential year and that the Democrats' prospects seemed brightest. Their minds turned to Owen D. Young and Newton D. Baker as competent men to handle the situation, if elected.

Professor Raymond Moley, of Columbia University, has a way of hearing things that go on in academic circles, and he dropped in at one of the kaffee-klatsches. Mr. Moley had long been an advisor and close associate of Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt. He listened through a session and then remarked, "This is the stuff that we need." (Continued on page 52)

HOW TO BECOME A LION TAMER IN 3 SHORT PUFFS



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History Under Our Eyes

(Continued from page 51)

Thus the kaffee-klatsch became an appendage of the Roosevelt organization before the nominating convention was held. After the nomination the professors moved to more spacious quarters on the eighth floor of the Roosevelt Hotel, where their existence was comparatively unknown. The spotlight was on the campaign headquarters at the Biltmore two blocks away. Governor Roosevelt used to drop in at the Roosevelt every few days. "Keep away from headquarters," he told the academicians. "You do the intellectual work. They'll attend to the politics." Professor Moley was the only brain truster who ever showed his face at the Biltmore or met James A. Farley, Mr. Roosevelt's campaign manager and now Postmaster General.

After the election the brain trust received two notable recruits who had been followers of Alfred E. Smith—Bernard Baruch and Hugh Johnson. The little group worked long and late, and kept constantly in touch with the President-elect. Thus the program, which has been the history of the past eight months, was rounded into shape long before inauguration day.

In January events began to move toward the crisis that Berle and his friend had foreseen. Mayors of communities in the Middle West began to declare bank holidays on their own authority. Iowa farmers opened the new year by halting fore-

closure sales. The movement spread until in a large section of the wheat and corn belts the laws for the collection of debts in this manner were virtually inoperative.

Throughout the country depositors were drawing their money from banks, and on February 14th the Governor of Michigan suspended withdrawals from all financial institutions in the State. By midnight residents of Michigan with money on deposit in Chicago had drawn on the banks there for \$40,000,000. This obliged the Chicago bankers to draw on their New York and Philadelphia correspondents.

Alabama, Arkansas and Kentucky placed restrictions on withdrawals, and scrip began to appear in the South. When Pennsylvania followed suit, stopping the flow of currency to outlying banks, the drain on New York increased. Mr. Roosevelt's men were watching every move. Two of them were invited to attend a secret meeting of New York bankers which lasted all night. Another meeting at the Fifth Avenue home of Secretary of the Treasury Ogden Mills lasted half the night. The next morning the leading bankers of New York gathered at the Federal Reserve Bank and remained until dark. One who was there assures me that in eight hours he saw a colleague age ten years. The decision was to keep the New York banks open at all hazard. Till-money was increased from \$48,000,000 to \$92,000,000.

In Chicago, where a similar fight was going on, till-money was increased from \$42,000,000 to \$66,000,000.

But there was no let-up on the run. The last week in February saw \$425,000,000 drawn from New York banks. Of this \$278,000,000 went to relieve institutions out of town. Obviously this could not continue much longer.

At the close of business on March 1st Chicago gave up the battle, and the next morning the banks of Illinois were closed by the Governor. State after State took similar action, and during the night of March 3d the two remaining financial strongholds of the country, New York and Massachusetts, capitulated. Their banks did not open on March 4th. The wheels of business had stopped.

Meantime, since December 31st, the cash balance of the United States Treasury had melted from \$532,000,000 to \$129,000,000, with \$600,000,000 in government obligations to meet in eleven days.

This was the state of the nation when Mr. Roosevelt took the oath of office at noon, Saturday, March 4th. The bedrock of the depression had been reached.

In eight months we have gone a long way from there.

In a forthcoming issue Mr. James will discuss other phases of the Government's recovery program.

You're the Boss

(Continued from page 13)

business a few snarls which did not respond to the conventional methods of untangling. Something or other that was confidently undertaken in the belief that it would yield a profit would unexpectedly backfire, causing trouble to break out in half a dozen spots where everything had previously been running smoothly. It was very disturbing.

There was in General Motors a department with duties of investigation in fields which did not directly touch the man who bought their automobiles and drove them. But some men in this department got on the trail, one day, of one of the perverse difficulties that had arisen, and the trail led straight back to the consumer. So they followed it, found the causes, found the remedies, and saw a vision of preventing future troubles and smoothing the way henceforth by carrying on some consumer research. That was the start of the method in this company. From that start the activity has grown to major proportions and first-rank importance.

In a recent message to stockholders, the president of General Motors Corporation,

Alfred P. Sloan, Jr., told them a good deal about consumer research and its importance to them. Mr. Sloan is notoriously addicted to saying nothing on a subject until he knows exactly what he is talking about, and for never overstating when he does talk. So we may consider his remarks on consumer research a conservative evaluation of this activity. Let's look at a part of his message to his stockholders:

"Another phase of General Motors fact-finding is peculiarly deserving of our intensified study and attention in line with the spirit and philosophy of the times—what is generally described as consumer research. During the past two years this activity has been pursued along more exhaustive lines than formerly, constituting what might be termed a 'Proving Ground of Public Opinion,' devoting itself to the finding of facts as regards the attitudes of the practical motorist toward various aspects of merchandizing and service—all of which are vitally important as bearing on customer goodwill and continued patronage."

What does this mean to you and the

rest of us when we go to buy a new car? You will never find out by asking the men who do this consumer research, for they are shrinking violets when it comes to claiming credit.

So we shall have to find out for ourselves. Some of us have, let us assume, been unscrupulous enough to keep the consumer research questionnaires of the past two years, instead of sending them in as requested. By comparing the questions we have been asked with the 1933 models of General Motors cars, we can roughly surmise some of the facts that these investigations either brought out or else corroborated for the engineers. Let's list some of the more conspicuous changes:

V-type radiators. Ventilators screened against insects and bees. Sun visors inside the body. Fender valances (those little do-dads like metal flaps which continue the fender down a few inches outside the wheels). Progress toward stream-lining. Beaver tail backs. One key that fits both ignition and doors. Batteries protected against flying stones. Window lifts and door handles that catch less readily on

sleeves and pockets. Improved ventilation. The list could be continued for half a dozen paragraphs.

Mind you, these are not all exclusive General Motors features. Many of them are found on other cars, plenty of them were first found on other cars. Some of them are innovations. The important point is that, if our guess is as near right as we think it is, the consumer research ascertained which of the many possible improvements had the greatest consumer demand behind them.

The same idea is being used by a multitude of institutions, Big Businesses which are calling on you and me and our friends to tell them what to do. In the past three years several New York department stores requested their charge and other regular customers to tell them what merchandise would be particularly welcome in annual sales, then obtained merchandise accordingly. The facts disclosed were in many instances surprising.

One large corporation—probably the largest corporation in the food industry—carried on an investigation of its brands among its stockholders, in lieu of a better list of consumers. It learned that a widespread error was interfering with the sale of one of its products, and that it had a ready-made market awaiting two commodities not included in its line.

A candy manufacturer induced his customers to vote on the items they wanted in an assortment he was planning, and it was an immediate success. A manufacturer of sidewalk toy wagons who found business stagnant went out and observed the playthings most popular among children of the age he was aiming at; they were too young to answer questionnaires, so he had to observe for himself. He found them playing with toy airplanes, toy dirigibles, five-and-ten-cent-store automobiles showing streamlining. So he scrapped his old design, streamlined his wagons to a point further than any automobile manufacturer has yet dared go with stock

models, for good measure put on an electric headlight operated by inexpensive dry cells—and last summer, which is not the best season for toy sales, a retail order placed with a large Middle Western department store could not be delivered for almost a month because the manufacturer was swamped with business.

How does all this affect the smaller business man who has not the far-flung organization of Tel. & Tel. or General Motors, nor their resources for a job of consumer research? The answer can be had by asking the very men who spend their days devising ways to induce the consumer to run their Big Business. "Why," they will tell you, "the reason we have to do this is because we haven't the same close personal touch with our customers that the small business man has. If he keeps his eyes open and his mind alert, he will have just about a one-hundred percent job of consumer research going all the time without any extra cost or effort beyond being alert to what his customers want. But a big outfit like ours has to spend important money to do a job one-half, yes or even one-fifth, as effective as the job that any good business man personally does who meets all of his customers all of the time."

There's no question about it, consumer research is here to stay at least until the world quiets down from the general unrest and change that we now are seeing as sequels of the World War. Consumers know what they want, and they purpose getting it.

So we may well make up our minds to it that as business men we must never lose sight of getting for our customers what they want, and giving it to them in the way they want it. And as consumers we may revel in our new-found power and thrill to the courting that we receive.

After all, isn't it something for an everyday man in an everyday town in an everyday job to know that he and his commonplace fellows are running Big Business now, by request of Big Business itself?

What You Should Know About Wine

(Continued from page 19)

with the scant French breakfast as a stimulant in place of coffee. There is almost no drinking before midday and rare is the occasion which justifies a beverage of any sort between meals. On a day of excessive heat the French will drink extra quantities of water deliberately so that thirst will not tempt them to an excess of wine.

Yet there are French people—and more than one would believe—who almost literally never drink water straight, in some instances because no good drinking water is to be had. But the wine used by such persons is a special low-grade wine containing only six or seven percent of alcohol, the equivalent of a pre-war ale.

Of course it is impossible to list here all

the wines of France. In the Château section of Bordeaux alone some 1500 wines are offered for sale under different Château labels. Only a few of them are outstanding in the wine trade. On the other hand there are famous rare wines which the average American never will taste or even hear of. The most eagerly sought still wine of France is the product of a vineyard only some four acres in area, Romanée-Conti. Parisian connoisseurs vie to pay nine dollars a bottle for that nectar when it is ten years old. Incidentally, when the vineyard last changed ownership (in 1869) the price paid was at the rate of \$12,000 an acre.

Most members of the A. E. F., I imagine, became acquainted (Continued on page 54)

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What You Should Know About Wine

(Continued from page 53)

with pinard, which was the wine ration issued to all poilus. The truth is that such wine generally represents the dregs of all the wine casks. Like the café table wines of France, *ordinaïres*, which are used chiefly to disinfect drinking water, quality is absent. Despite their cheapness abroad, American import duties would make the cost here relatively dear. Reputable wine merchants will not recommend either.

Champagne, which was the American soldier's idea of a luxurious beverage when his modest pay would permit, I'm also inclined to be bearish about, for one reason because the exorbitant import duty on all sparkling wines must compel retail prices ranging from \$6.50 to \$10 a bottle. Beyond the cost, many French champagne makers have of late years yielded to mass production methods.

WE MAY then regard the other wines of France which may commend themselves to Americans. The French claim of superiority is justified by a chemical phenomenon whereby only the wines of France continue to improve appreciably after being bottled. After two to four years' storage in barrels wine deteriorates rather than improves, unless it is bottled. Why French wine develops an immediate "fever" with important reactions after being bottled, while wines of other countries generally do not, or at best feebly, I cannot explain, but it is none the less fact.

When the American doughboy adopted the idiom of the Vin Sisters, Rouge and Blanc, for the wines of France his liberal classification missed an important point. While all red wines are dry, white wines may be either sweet or dry.

Leading in popularity as the sweetest of the sweet white wines are those of the Bordeaux section known as Sauternes, notably Château Yquem and Château Latour. Sweet white wines also include the Barsacs, the product of vineyards located due south and extending slightly to the east of Bordeaux. Chiefly to the west of Bordeaux is the home of the famous Graves vineyards, and while many of them produce a sweet white wine, the majority produce a dry wine. The dry and semi-dry Graves enjoyed great pre-war popularity among Americans.

Sweet white wines also are native to the Anjou section of France, lying south and west of Paris, notably Vouvray, both still and sparkling. The deliciousness of Anjou wines in their native Touraine is undeniable, but sad to relate, they are poor sea-faring wines. Unlike most wines which age a year with consequent improvement in the voyage across the Atlantic, Vouvrays are troubled by excessive sedimentation and refermentation during ocean travel.

The Midi section of France north and west of Marseille also produces a sweet

white wine, but peculiarly enough the Midi wines do not improve with age. If drunk promptly they are potable, but it is to be marked that they will deteriorate instead of improve the longer they are kept in a cellar.

Except for Graves, the most famous dry white wine sections of France are those of Burgundy some distance to the east and south of Paris and the unparalleled Chablis vineyards north and west of Dijon. Chablis, because of its high acid content as a characteristic of its extreme dryness, is a favorite of connoisseurs. To the south of Dijon are the homes of other noted white dry wines, notably Mersault, but all are of lower acidity than Chablis.

Rhine wines also are dry white wines. American war veterans who helped restore Alsace to France should appreciate the fact that the readjustment of German boundaries gave to France Rhine-wine vineyards producing the delicious varieties of Riesling and Traminer, which I believe are the equal if not the superior of wines pressed from vineyards on the eastern banks of the Rhine.

The Rhone section north of Marseille offers the only other dry white wines of importance, the most famous variety of which is Hermitage. It may be explained generally that the dryness of the foregoing wines is caused by the lower sugar content of the grapes due to more northern location of the vineyards as opposed to the sunnier homelands of the sweet wines.

But the fame of France justly lies in her red wines. Fermentation of the skins and the pits with the wine is the secret of that superiority. It is possible to make a white wine from red grapes by separating the skins before pressing, and obviously the color of red wines is supplied by the skins.

The clarets of the Médoc section of Bordeaux, hailed as the queens of wine, are matched as kings by the red Burgundies of the Côte d'Or. The finest clarets come from the Médoc section, and each Château trade-mark is jealously guarded in bottling and marketing. Some of the most famous varieties are Château Margaux, Château Lafitte, Château Latour, Château Mouton Rothschild, Château Talbot, Château Rosemont. Among the Burgundies foremost varieties are Pomard, Beaune, Nuit St. Georges, Volnay and Macon.

Whether the average American palate will judge expertly of vintages before the wine varieties are familiar is a question, but it may be said that the best years for white Bordeaux are 1904, 1906, 1920, 1923, 1927 and 1929, for red Bordeaux, the same post-war years plus 1931. The best years for Burgundies are 1920, 1926, 1927, 1928 and 1929.

The alcoholic content of wine, even in champagnes, is slight. Bordeaux will vary

from 10 to 12 percent, Burgundies from 13 to 15 percent, champagnes from 12 to 14 percent alcohol. Retail prices will range from \$1.50 to \$3.50 a bottle for the more common varieties; rare vintages will command from \$10 to \$15 a bottle. It should be remembered that the French wine bottle contains but 24 ounces, six ounces less than a full quart. A dominant factor in that skimpy measure is the "push-up" bottom of the bottle. That peculiarity of bottle-blowing is not common to America and as a result the "push-up" bottom has become an unofficial trade-mark of French wines.

True enjoyment of wine is to be found in four elements, of which color, the appeal to the eye, is superficial yet important. Wine should be of perfect clarity. Cloudy wine should never be served. Users of the less expensive wines, however, need not fear cloudiness as a characteristic. It is only wines eight years old or more which are affected by sedimentation. But such must be handled carefully. The bottle of vintage wine should be brought to the table tilted gently in a wicker basket, or standing vertically. And in serving such wines, obviously the last few ounces should be left in the bottle. If it is not deemed important to permit your guests to scan the label of an old wine, it is well to decant it before serving. If you order a vintage wine in a restaurant and note the waiter handling the bottle carelessly so that the sediment may be shaken up, send it back at once.

Colored glasses should never be used, except possibly for Rhine wines, which blend prettily with a light green glass. In general, the clearer the drinking crystal the better. Obviously wine should never be served in tumblers. The heat of the hand warms it. My own preference is for large glasses half filled rather than small glasses topped to the brim.

NO LESS superficial than color but of greater importance is bouquet, the odor arising from the combined essential oils, alcohol, and other constituents. The combination suggests the scent of amber, iris, violets or faded rose petals, which are the characteristics of the different varieties of grapes. To bring out the full measure of bouquet, serving temperature is vital. Therein the American passion for refrigeration must be curbed. All red wines other than sparkling Burgundy should be served at room temperature. White wines should be served at from 10 to 15 degrees under room temperature. Fifteen minutes in a cooler or refrigerator before serving will answer. Except for Rhine wines, which gain a certain freshness by icing, and sparkling wines, excessive coldness destroys or minimizes the bouquet.

Taste, the third element of wine drinking, will vary with individual palates. Obviously human sensitiveness to taste

varies without regard to the race, creed, color or condition of servitude of the drinker, but in general it may be said that a wine palate may be cultivated by application.

Fourth in wine-drinking joys is body, the alcoholic content, which spreads a glowing sense of warmth and well-being through the human body. It is to appreciate to the full both taste and body that the rules of wine service have been evolved.

In that connection I cannot urge too earnestly that strong cocktails be avoided before a wine dinner. Inevitably they will dull if they do not kill full perception of the wines to follow. The strongest cocktail permissible—and it should be limited to a single one—is a Martini with a Vermouth base. Straight Vermouth or a dry sherry would be preferable. Personally I believe that a simple olive is the best appetizer before a wine dinner.

Rarely is wine served with the hors d'oeuvres or soup. A safe general principle is to begin with dry white wines followed by the heavier and sweeter ones, a Chablis or dry Graves with the fish, a claret with the entrée, a Burgundy with the roast. A sweet Sauterne with the fish followed by a Bordeaux red would make the latter wine seem thin and weak. Sweet wines, I believe, should be reserved for the dessert. If any general rule may be stated it is that the wine courses should be gauged by alcoholic content, progressing from the light to the heavier.

I may add an interesting bit of ceremony in wine serving which the host should know. In pouring you must disregard the well-known principle of American etiquette which prescribes that guests should be

served first. You should pour the first few drops of wine into your own glass before filling those of your guests. There is a practical reason for that rule. There may be some sediment of cork forced into the bottle from the corkscrew.

But it is not altogether clear whether that ceremony originated from such a sound practical consideration or whether it is a survival from the days of the Borgias, when poisoned wine was a favorite method of disposing of enemies and interlopers. In France today you will often see a host not only pour himself a modicum of wine first but also drink the sample before his guests touch theirs.

I realize that perhaps the majority of my readers rarely would serve several varieties of wine with dinner. Those who would enjoy a single wine throughout a meal may serve with assurance a red Bordeaux, perhaps a St. Julien, a Sauterne or Haut Sauterne, or, if the pocketbook permits, a Pommard.

If one would experiment with wines produced outside the borders of France there are the excellent Chiantis of Italy, the Tokays of Hungary, the Neuchatels of Switzerland and, of course, American wines.

In any event it is the combination of color, bouquet, taste and body, giving enjoyment to most of the senses, which makes wine drinking, I should say sipping, a pleasure that I rate high in the joys of the world. But added to them must be that requisite which my grandfather, Henri Mouquin, demands—leisure.

In an early issue of the Monthly there will be an article on the part to be taken by American wines under Repeal.

Do We Talk Too Much About 1918?

(Continued from page 39)

or to help Colonel Derby get a few francs together for his onetime field hospital. I have heard many good Americans regret that the majority of our veterans from the Western Front are generally reticent and restrained as to just what happened over there.

"Your editorial is not unkindly, but it is evident that some one has been bored by soldier reminiscences. I have no doubt that they are poor entertainment to anyone who might have gone to the war and did not. Yet, is it too much to hope that America, whose battles were fought by these men, will be patient when, while distraught and seeming to listen for the roll of distant drums, they sometimes draw on the memories of those days?

"Something is to be said for those reminiscences by men to whom the war will always be the thing the most worth while in their lives. Wasn't the Meuse-Argonne as fine a theater for manly activity as the Yale Bowl or the Yankee Stadium? Doesn't the lad who charged the machine-gun nest

measure up to the boy who carries the ball? Isn't what the captain said to the sergeant as moving as what the president of the draft board said to the fellow pleading legislative or other immunity? Isn't what Newton D. Baker telegraphed to Pershing as important as what Jim Farley says to Flynn or McKee? Isn't the fighting the soldier tells about more stirring than Huey Long's adventure on Sands Point, or Pecora's strategy in the Senate investigating committee? Is it not a better subject for song and story than the man who stayed at home and amassed a fortune while the soldiers fought—and some of them died?

"Have a heart and let the boys talk. Besides, no woman, and even less no man, can surely say when soldiers may be in demand again, and Fifth Avenue once more be filled with marching men. Our particular group of veterans is passing fast, and will not bore you for much longer.

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30x4.00-19	2.45	30x4.75-15	2.35
30x4.50-20	2.85	30x5.00-15	2.35
29x5.25-18	2.90	30x5.25-15	2.35
29x5.25-19	2.85	30x5.50-15	2.35
30x5.25-20	2.95	30x5.75-15	2.35
31x5.25-21	3.25	30x6.00-15	2.35
29x5.50-18	3.35	30x6.25-15	2.35
29x5.50-19	3.35	30x6.50-15	2.35
30x5.50-20	3.40	30x6.75-15	2.35
30x6.00-18	3.40	30x7.00-15	2.35
31x6.00-19	3.45	30x7.25-15	2.35
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Who Was This Soldier Chief?

(Continued from page 1)

great Soldier Chief came to Red Lake to see him. They talked together for four days, and then when he was ready to go back to his own country this Soldier Chief gave my grandfather a flag, a medal with a chain on it, and some papers. The medal had writing on it. I do not know what this writing said, or what the papers said. Even my grandfather did not know these things. I do know, however, that my grandfather did not wish to stay in one place all the time.

"And why should he, when he could see his living walking around on the land wherever he looked? There was no good reason why he should not go wherever he wished; so my grandfather led his people to these plains where the buffalo could not be counted. But our old enemies, the Lacota, were here, and they were strong. My

grandfather and his people fought many battles with the Lacota and were often whipped because they were greatly outnumbered. At last my grandfather went north, across the line into Canada to be with our relations the Crees, and there he settled down.

"I do not know exactly what became of the medal that the Soldier Chief gave my grandfather. I do not even remember what became of the papers. I am but guessing when I tell you that they may have been lost in some battle with the Lacota. But I have the flag. It was all my father had to give me when he left this world. I have kept it as both my grandfather and my father kept it, and because they never permitted a white man to see the old flag I have never shown it to a white man. But now I will let you see it. I will even permit

you to hold it in your hands. Would you like to see the flag, Co-skee-see-co-cot?"

"Yes," I said, without guessing the value of the treasure he would spread before me, an *American Army flag with but thirteen stars and the old eagle with George Washington's shield on its breast.*

"I am old," he said again as I handled the wonderful banner whose bunting is bright and unfaded, and fine as silk, "and I have now given this flag to my nephew, Loud-thunder, to keep as his fathers have kept it."

The old man at first objected to my having the flag photographed, but with the help of the Chief I finally succeeded in getting the picture here shown. From the left are Loud-thunder, the old man (whose name, translated, is "Frenchman") and the writer.

Cheese It the Cops

(Continued from page 25)

to Jake's mouth. This was another round. According to the grim London rules, if you knocked your man down, that made a round. If you threw him, that made a round. If he fell of his own weight, that made a round. And between every round was thirty seconds' respite.

Thirty seconds. As good as six weeks in a hospital with pretty nurses, if only a man's handlers could get to him with a touch of canabis indica. That was the active principle of Indian hemp. It slowed the heart and deadened pain; and then a good slug of whiskey was administered to start the heart up again.

This treatment had its due effect with Jake. He braced himself, came to scratch, and put out his left. He had the strongest and most careful guard in pugilism. Sullivan barked and snarled and swung. Kilrain dropped his head like a ram, and took the blow square on the cranial arch. He went down under it, but John in his corner, with his hand in a pail of water, muttered to Muldoon, "My knuckle's bad."

"John L. Sullivan, champion of the world, and he's breaking up his hands on a man's skull," Muldoon sneered. "Do you want to lose the fight? Keep away from his bones, I tell you."

"He's all bones."

"Hit him in the belly."

Curly Jim McGee felt the breath stop in his throat. John sounded dashed. Muldoon himself was evidently bitterly disappointed in his man's showing. Was John going to throw caution to the winds? He evidently was. He came out of his corner and went at Jake headlong—like a bull at a barn-yard gate, the scribes were never tired of saying. He picked Jake up and shook him; he flailed him; he threw him down and

stamped on him. Bitter cries of "Foul" went up, but the referee, who luckily knew nothing of the rules, was adamant. He brought the men to scratch again. The ticket-holders had come all this way to see a fight, and the referee meant to indulge every reasonable hope.

Actually, though, John had learned something from that fight with Mitchell at Chantilly. He drew in his horns. He saved himself a little. When Kilrain walked away from him, Sullivan, instead of chasing after, stood still and blackguarded his man. And well he knew how to out-snarl the pack. He called Jake every nameable thing that he could lay his tongue to, and swapped oaths with Charley Mitchell on the side.

"Oh, my eye, my bloody eye," the tongue-lashed Mitchell shrieked.

"Somebody will step on you for a worm yet," John L. Sullivan said.

"Oh, my eye," Mitchell answered cleverly.

And then Kilrain, the gamest man that ever lived, was down again. But he would never quit while he could breathe. At the end of thirty seconds, Mitchell brought him out to scratch.

"I guess he's all reconstituted up now," Professor Mike Donovan said to Curly Jim.

"He'll be a case for the coroner in twenty seconds more," Curly Jim shrieked.

There was Jake going out in Charley's arms. He was like an invalid brought home to die. His head rolled, his eyes flickered. Then Charley let him slowly down, and deposited his feet testingly on scratch. Seeing he could stand by himself, Charley ran away as from a lighted cannon-cracker . . . And instantly Jake, who had seemed to

expire in his second's arms, came to life and began pounding away at Sullivan like mad.

"He's getting better," Mike Donovan hissed in Curly Jim's ear. "John's only a quarter-horse, it's Jake's the miler."

"It's a fact, there's more fight in Jake than he lets on," Curly Jim was thinking in a panic. "John can't keep this up forever."

Already John's left hand was no good to him. What if he broke his right to bits? He might, if he turned vicious. Or, what if the soldiers came and stopped the fight? If they did, a draw would be announced.

The two men were working slow and shy for the wind, and shooting in rib-ticklers. Like Antaeus of old, Kilrain seemed to redouble his strength by contact with the naked earth. Some of the ticket-holders began to raise the old cry of "Hippodrome."

"Old sporting men like me don't drop to this," came from one husky throat. "It's an act, that's what it is. It's all jumps, hits and attitudes."

"This fight won't help John any more than the fight with Mitchell if it goes on this way," Curly Jim was thinking. The referee himself seemed of the same mind. He told Jake to stand up to John L. Sullivan and fight, and not be wasting John's breath, and trying other people's tempers, by walking around and merely trying to be where John was not. Mike Donovan jumped up and down at that. He yelled bitterly that his man was being done to death. Why not bring him in with his hands tied behind him?

The rounds were now affairs of seconds only. Jake lasted seven seconds, and then fought five seconds more, after going down to a right smash under the heart. He rested thirty seconds, and then fought six. He

rested thirty and fought three. A good deal of time was taken up in carrying Jake out and back. The rounds multiplied. The sun got higher. The police must be getting nearer. Fifty rounds. Sixty. Sixty-five. They had been fighting over two hours. Curly Jim couldn't bear it any longer. He tugged at Mike Donovan's barked elbow.

The Professor had shouted himself hoarse. His arms were all blood and sawdust; red sawdust was in his brows, and the breath whistled in his throat.

"Where are your eyes, Mike?" Curly Jim muttered close in his ear.

"What's wrong?"

"Look at Jake."

Mike had a sponge in his hand with which he had been sponging Jake, back and breast. He squeezed it hard and stared.

"Well, I'm looking at him."

"You want to kill him? Jake can't stand much more. He'll have a sun-stroke, Mike."

This was the joint in Mike's armor, and Curly Jim well knew it. Mike had once seconded a fight in which his principal was killed; and that fight had not gone as long as this.

"There's plenty of fight left in Jake," Mike growled.

"He's game. But who's taking the thumps, you or Jake? His color's bad. One or two more of those right smashes under the heart will stop it, and it won't start again. . . . Throw it in, Mike."

"Throw what in?"

"The sponge. Throw it in. It ain't worth it. Throw it in."

Curly Jim was like the small voice of conscience in Mike's ear.

"Jake's tough. He went a hundred and six rounds against Jem Smith."

"That was in France, in a snow storm, don't forget," Curly Jim reminded him. "And Smith wasn't Sullivan."

Mike Donovan looked uncertainly at Jake, who had staggered to scratch again. Jake's eyes were glazed, his legs trembled. All the same, if the soldiers, those artillerymen should arrive, the battle would be declared a draw. John's face, if anything, was more cut up than Jake's. Curly Jim brought everything to bear.

"He's a gone goose, Mike, if somebody doesn't stop it. You know the indications as well as I do. And if either man is killed, remember, the law of Mississippi says—it's murder."

"Murder," Mike repeated. His jaw slacked. He was the color of wet ashes.

"Murder. Certainly. They can legislate a man right into hell. And that applies to seconds."

It was now the seventy-fifth round. Mike Donovan, goaded past endurance, suddenly threw in the sponge.

EXODUS. The bleachers emptied in a twinkling. John vanished with his handlers, the referee put on his hat. Flynn the ring-pitcher began to unreeve these now historic ropes. But where now were the brave Kilrain's friends? Where was Mike Donovan? Where was Charley

Mitchell? They had bolted, leaving their man alone with the loser's cane, and Curly Jim picked it up. It was an English cane with half a cord of wood in it.

Poor Jake, abandoned, and naked to the waist under that broiling sun, went reeling, bruised and disheartened, towards the railroad tracks. A throng of the curious followed. Curly Jim thought it would be in poor taste to offer Jake this cane. Instead, he took off his coat and put it over Jake's burned shoulders. A tear was on Jake's cheek. "They ditched me. I could still fight," he whispered.

At the depot, an engine with a single coach came wheezing and shuffling around the bend. It was the Associated Press' special, bent on a scoop, but some bungling yard master flagged it to a stop; and a crowd of toughs and writing-men swamped it. Curly Jim helped Kilrain aboard. Bat Masterson had his other arm. "Steady. Steady over the shoals," Curly Jim whispered. For Sullivan's own safety, Kilrain must be kept out of the hands of the police. . . . Sullivan was on the other platform.

The special bounced and rambled away south, teetering on the rails. At the Mississippi line, those artillerymen were still on duty, but they hadn't got word even yet to soap the tracks. But they had stacked their bayoneted rifles between the sleepers. The engineer hesitated.

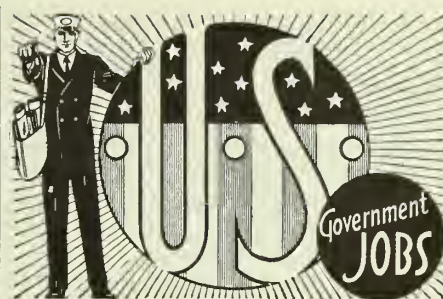
"Open her up wide," Curly Jim hissed, and showed the engineer his New York badge. . . . The old engine, varnished neat as a boot and full of burning barrel-staves, poured black smoke out of her vase-shaped stack, and charged. The air was full of bayonets and soldiers' yells. They might have been curses, but they sounded more like cheers. They let Jake Kilrain and John L. Sullivan slip through with smiles of tender toleration for the peccadilloes of the great.

"And still," Bat Masterson whispered, "the Mississippi flows unvexed to the sea."

JOHN L. SULLIVAN was still on his throne. A thrill ran through a waiting nation at the tidings. In Boston, Mike Sullivan, John's father, jumped on the front platform of a Washington Street horse-car, and waved his derby in one hand and his green neckerchief in the other.

"There's a son for you!" he shrieked to the mob.

At the Golden Gate, young Jim Corbett's city, all was uproar. The Chicago Board of Trade declared a recess, and further east, the city of Brotherly Love could talk of nothing but the fight. In Washington the White House employes were Sullivan supporters to a man, and only President Harrison remained unmoved. In New York, at the Cooper Union Art Institute, the girl students of physical perfection were in ecstasies. President Bull of the Stock Exchange rushed into the Street, hatless, asking who had won; and at Dry Dollar Tim's Centre Street saloon—at Big Tim Sullivan's—there was a pig's head supper, with a brass band playing the (Continued on page 58)



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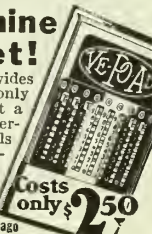


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Cheese It the Cops

(Continued from page 57)

new Sullivan March, and free pig and beer served till sunrise.

And where meantime were the two causes of this national upheaval? They were pursued by police, by infantrymen and artillerymen. The air was thick with accusations and counter-accusations. The referee must be indicted. Railroad officials would be held to a strict accountability. The guilty sheriffs should be reported to the legislature for impeachment, but alas, the legislature didn't meet till May and this was June. There was joking talk of impeaching President Harrison for not having had federal troops on hand at Rich's Mills.

John L. Sullivan at Grand Bay, Alabama, announced that he would dump any minion of the law that laid impious hands on his inviolable person.

"And he did dump one of them at Nashville, Tennessee," a certain Mr. Smith told Curly Jim McGee a day or two later. Curly Jim had got as far as the back-room of Tom Curley's saloon in Chicago. Curly Jim had the loser's cane between his knees, and there was a lot of wear and tear about him; but he was still on Sullivan's trail.

"I can hear him in there now," Curly Jim said with his ear to the door. "When did he come in?"

"Last night," said Mr. Smith, whose nose was nearly level with his face. "He come in on the Chicago and Eastern Illinois. Jumped off at 22d Street among a lot of freight cars. His hands are terrible."

"How'd he take it being arrested like he was at Nashville?"

"Took it hard."

"John would."

"If you're a friend of John's, you know he's a sensitive man. Awful sensitive. The judge let him go, and all the best women sent him flowers, and still John didn't like it. It started with Governor Lowry's offering a thousand dollars' reward for the arrest of the principals. I hear now the attorney-general of Mississippi is going to start proceedings to forfeit the charter of the North Eastern Railroad."

"He cuts a wide swath, John does," Curly Jim said proudly.

"Listen to him."

"He never did learn to take reefs in his voice. He talked that same way to the Prince of Wales."

Curly Jim shoved the door open a cautious crack. There was John L. Sullivan at the bar, in a four-button cutaway, with a diamond horse-shoe in his salmon-colored tie; and in his shirt front a prize-fighter's diamond, eight carats, as big as a small frog, cheesy, and emitting a yellow light like that from an old lion's rheumy eye. The court plaster had got loose from John's split ear, and bright red blood was coursing down his bull neck inside his collar. His

pockets were stuffed full of money, but he hadn't counted it, and didn't begin to know what he was worth.

"He's a beautiful man," Curly Jim whispered reverently. "He's the finest man, John is, that ever got crowded into a suit of clothes. Only you got to know how to take him."

"Ain't many does," said Mr. Smith.



"I do," Curly Jim affirmed. "You got to make him laugh. You got to make him let one of those guffaws out of him—you know, and right afterwards flakes of plaster as big as your thumb-nail come off the ceiling."

"Go on in and make him laugh, why don't you?"

"We've had a falling out. Seeing he would only aggravate him," Curly Jim regretfully confided. "At one time we were as thick as thieves too," he whispered with heart-break in his voice. "He's lovable, John is."

"He's on the rampage now," said Mr. Smith.

In fact, John L. Sullivan was hauling men up to the bar by their coat-collars. He threw the bartender over the bar, and took his place. "Name your poison, gents." And then if patrons asked for whiskey, John gave them beer—that was life: and if they asked for beer, he gave them whiskey—that was John L. Sullivan. And once, when a little man offered to pay for a round of drinks, John first took him by his vest buttons and mopped the bar clean with him, and then he took the proffered twenty dollar bill and tore it into little bits. No, sir, nobody could pay for drinks but John. And then a bar-boy with saucer eyes said to him, "Mr. Curley's got your carriage outside, Mr. Sullivan."

"Gimme me dicer," John said in a voice of thunder. The boy handed him his plug hat with a dent in it from a recent scuffle with a man named Sailor Brown, who was now closeted with the police.

"What do you have to eat when you are training, Mr. Sullivan?" the bar-boy timorously asked.

"Blood," John L. Sullivan said hoarsely. "Nothing but blood, young feller. I drain

a boy about your size three times a day."

The boy vanished; and John waded through the human tide that foamed and swirled around the bar. He walked into the street and got into his victoria. Tom Curley in person had the reins. The crowd yelled, "Hurrah for Sully." John stood up and waved his dicer. He had a cigar as big as a fence-post in one corner of his mouth and talked out of the other corner.

"I can lick any man ever born of woman," he told that frenzied throng. "I can lick any two men and them with horse-shoes in their fists. I can lick Kilrain and Mitchell in the same ring. Anyone got anything to say to that? All right. And gents, what do I get for it? It's 'Cheese it, the cops' dinging in my ears, that's what, and I'm hounded—hounded for my life like I was a bank cashier that had run away with funds."

"You're good for 'em, John."

"I'll put a head on any cop that dares to lay a finger on me," John asserted. "It'll be just a case for the coroner, that's all." He was truculent, this god of glory. He went a progress. Tom Curley whipped up his horses, but he couldn't get more than a street or two at a time. The crowd stopped him, and John made speeches.

"Cops. Why, what did cops ever do for me, outside of trying to take advantage of my reputation. I ain't as black as I am painted, and I will prove it if anybody tries to put a harpoon into me. Somebody's asking me about Jake Kilrain. He's a good man. Barring yours truly John L. Sullivan, he's the best man in the world. He gave me twice as much punishment as any two men I ever stood up to. And where is he now? Why, hiding in the corn; and all the combing his hair gets is what he gives it running through the bushes. And that's where I'd be meself, if every cop in the country didn't know that if he laid his little finger on me, I'd give him enough in the first round."

A howl of approval from the crowd soothed his split ears. John's voice was an organ-pipe. More than once that thirty-two-inch diapason had crumbled the pillars of the Revere House back in Bowdoin Square, Boston. Now he roared, "Who was it said the cops was my friends, always stopping the battle early when they saw me getting winded? Lemme have a look at that gazabo. I went seventy-five rounds with Jake, didn't I? Well, now, let me tell you something. I could have dropped Jake in the third, but I wanted to show my friends I could fight all day if necessary. Anybody here got anything to say about that?"

"It's a lie," somebody called in a voice almost the twin of John's own. "Kilrain was drugged. He was poisoned by that traitor Charley Mitchell."

Cheese It the Cops

(Continued from page 59)

want to drink again, so help me, with you nor no man."

Curly Jim's voice died in his throat. It was a ticklish moment. John L. Sullivan heaved his Rabelaisian, his Gargantuan, front. He took a twirl at his shorn mustache. Then, far back in the original night of that coal-black, arbitrary eye, there was a twinkle, a light kindled, a show of human warmth, a look of boy devil, a leaping spark.

He lifted that hand of his with the black tufted joints spread, and the black hair curling out from under his cuff, and Curly Jim implored:

"Don't smash my hat, John. Don't. I got four pounds of gun-powder underneath it."

The flat of John's hand came down between his shoulder-blades instead. It was like using a pile-driver to crack walnuts. Curly Jim's teeth rattled, the very soul of him was dislodged. But John started to laugh.

That laugh started in his heels, and moved his ribs apart—a belly laugh. Curly Jim saw the light inside the ruby-banded globe overhead flatten and rear again.

"I'm getting sick of the cops handing me around," John roared. "They're all after my scalp and still nobody wants it. I better do the job meself. 'John L. Sullivan, you're under arrest.' All right I'll come peaceable. Here, here's my hand on it, Jim. I'll stand my trial in New York. It's for the crime of leaving it, ain't it? And you coming a back with me in tow, Jim, won't do you any harm at Headquarters."

"Me? I'm a bummer," Curly Jim muttered. "And I have been ever since I wouldn't pull a gun on you back there in Rochester. I just shoved in with that warrant to get you clear of the Chicago cops. Why, John, if it comes to that, I ain't even got the railroad fare to get you back."

"Don't you feel bad, Jim, I got enough for both of us," John chuckled.

"There ain't many men," Curly Jim was

babbling, "there ain't many men—" He felt himself coming unglued and choked, and John cut him off.

"It's like Pat Sheedy told me once," John said. "Among kings I'm a tough, but among toughs I'm king. You taking me to New York? Hell, I'm taking you."

Curly Jim had pricklings in his throat. A tear ran out of his eye and shamed him. Something huge and soft and baby-like—disgusting—swarmed up out of his chest and pressed against his tonsils. John L. Sullivan's fingers closed over his hand, and the fierce pain of that remembered grip was sweet to Curly Jim. He felt like singing Maggie Cline's old song, "Everything in life is wonderful."

And Tom Curley, putting his horses in motion, yelled at Curly Jim, with a backward jerk of his head at John L. Sullivan:

"Ain't he the dammedest crittur that ever came wrapped up in human hide? Why, if it wasn't for you cops, he could be President of the United States."

This Is Station G O B Broadcasting

(Continued from page 38)

already lining up. Information may be obtained from the men whose names and addresses follow these Miami convention reunion announcements:

4TH DIV. ASSOC.—Annual reunion and dinner. Write to Carlton E. Dunn, natl. pres., 57 East 9th st., New York City, for free copy of the *Ivy Leaf Bulletin*.

U. S. ARMY CANAL ZONE VETS. ASSOC.—Includes 33d Inf. and all units in C. Z. during war.—Organized in Chicago. Louis J. Gilbert, pres., 260 Gregory av., Passaic, N. J.; Dr. A. F. Goodwin, secy., Gloversville, N. Y.

4TH ENGRS.—Patrick J. Ganley, 6312 Greenwood av., Chicago, Ill.

21ST ENGRS. L. R. Soc.—14th annual reunion at Legion national convention, Frank L. Frazin, secy.-treas., 1825 S. Hamlin av., Chicago, Ill.

28TH ENGRS. A. E. F. VETS.—Organized in Chicago. 2d annual reunion in Miami. Erick O. Meling, pres., 2046 N. Spaulding av., Chicago; Frank T. Cushman, secy.-treas., 12206 Lowe av., Chicago.

M. T. C. VERNEUIL VETS.—Veterans of Units 301-2-3, M. T. C., located at Verneuil and Nevers, France. Register with Hilmer Gellein, pres., P. O. Box 772, Detroit, Mich.

106TH SUP. TRN., Co. A—2d annual reunion in Miami. M. F. Avery, 19 N. W. 3d st., Miami, Fla., or W. M. Applegate, 6033 Champlain av., Chicago.

EVAC. HOSP. No. 15 Assoc.—Organized in Chicago. Rev. John Dunphy, pres., Portage, Pa. Write to Mrs. Mary F. Futtrell, secy., 76 West st., Milford, Mass.

NATL. ASSOC. AMER. BALLOON CORPS VETS.—Wilford L. Jessup, natl. cmdg. offcr., Bremerton, Wash.; Craig S. Herbert, personnel offcr., 3333 N. 18th st., Philadelphia, Pa.

Announcements of additional reunions and other activities follow:

THIRD DIV. SOCIETY—All who send name, address and outfit number to G. B. Dubois, 1239-30th st., N. W., Washington, D. C., will receive copy of *The Watch on the Rhine*.

4TH DIV. ASSOC. OF NEW ENGLAND—Annual reunion, Hotel Kenmore, Boston, Mass., Sat., Jan. 20. Ben Pollack, secy., 5 Winthrop sq., Boston.

SOCIETY OF 5TH DIV.—Annual reunion at Boston, Mass., Sept. 1-3 (Labor Day week-end.) David T. Porbert, 25 First st., Fair Lawn, N. J.

28TH DIV.—Hq., Society of the 28th Div. has been removed from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh, Pa. Col. John H. Shenkel, pres., Wm. G. Blough, secy.-treas., P. O. Box 111, Homewood Sta., Pittsburgh.

32D DIV. VETS. ASSOC.—1934 convention will be held in Detroit, Mich., dates to be announced later. Byron Beveridge, 1148 Florence court, Madison, Wis.

35TH DIV.—*Pictorial History of the 35th Division in the World War* is now ready. 72 pages and cover, 9x12, 250 photographs. Write R. L. Carter, 1218 Olive st., St. Louis, Mo.

RAINBOW DIV. VETS.—*The Rainbow Reveille* is your magazine; write for free copy, stating your company and regiment. K. A. Sutherland, editor, P. O. Box 297, Sta. C, Los Angeles, Calif.

42D (RAINBOW) DIV.—*Men of the Rainbow*, a story by, of and for Rainbow Division veterans. Two dollars. Leslie Langille, Room 614, 360 N. Michigan av., Chicago, Ill.

80TH DIV.—E. G. Peyton, newly-elected National Commander of the 80th Division Veterans Association, is calling upon all former 80th Division men to send their names, addresses and organization numbers to the Headquarters, 412 Plaza Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.

91ST DIV. ASSOC., No. CALIF. SECTOR—For roster, send names, addresses, news of comrades, to Secy. Albert G. Ross, 624 Market st., San Francisco, Calif.

91ST DIV. ASSOC., WASHINGTON STATE—To complete roster, send names and addresses to Jules E. Markow, 201 County-City bldg., Seattle, Wash.

104TH INF. VETS. ASSOC., A. E. F.—15th annual reunion, Marlboro, Mass., Apr. 27-28. L. A. Wagner, adjt., 201 Oak st., Holyoke, Mass.

113TH INF. ASSOC.—To complete roster, send names and addresses to Walter G. Scherrer, adjt., Room 208 City Hall, Newark, N. J.

355TH INF.—Annual reunion for 1934 to be held in Norfolk, Nebr., dates to be announced later. Fred Hansen, pres., Norfolk; Albert P. Schwarz, permanent recording secy., 816 Security Mutual bldg., Lincoln, Nebr.

3d INF., Co. K—Proposed reunion during 1934 of ex-members of the Hungry 49. James B. Mason, 807 South Delaware st., Springfield, Mo.

58TH INF., Cos. A and B—All survivors of H. M. S. *Moldavia*, sunk while entering English Channel, May 23, 1918, report to Glenn Blekeley, 703 Giles st., Stoughton, Wisc., for roster and proposed get-together.

132D INF., Co. G (HAMEL CLUB)—14th annual reunion dinner, Chicago, Ill., Jan. 27. Write to W. I. Lindahl, chmn., 1354 N. Springfield av., Chicago.

52D PIONEER INF.—At 14th annual reunion of Co. I, last Nov., it was decided to include all former members of regiment in future reunions. All veterans of 52d Pioneer Inf. are requested to send names and addresses to N. J. Brooks, 2 West 45th st., New York, N. Y.

11TH F. A. VETS. ASSOC.—Reunion, Springfield, Mass., Sept. 1-3 (Labor Day week-end.) R. C. Dickieson, secy.-treas., 4816-47th st., Woodside, N. Y.

322D F. A. ASSOC.—Permanent headquarters established at Hamilton, Ohio. All veterans requested to report; also families of ex-members who have died so that annual memorial services may be properly con-

ducted. Reunion in Dayton, Ohio—dates to be announced. L. B. Fritsch, secy., P. O. Box 324, Hamilton, Ohio.

22D REGT. VETS. (102D ENGRS.)—Vets. of 22d Regt. (Inf. and Engrs.), and 102d Engrs. requested to send all information regarding themselves and their service to Col. Edwin W. Dayton, 734 Lexington av., New York City, who is compiling history.

34TH ENGRS.—Annual reunion, basket picnic, Triangle Park, Dayton, Ohio, Sept. 2. Hq. at Gibbons Hotel. George Remple, 1225 Alberta st., Dayton.

50TH AERO SDRN.—Third edition of Roll Call soon to be published. Former members are requested to write to J. Howard Hill, secy., Hotel Portage, Akron, Ohio. Reunion in Akron, Sept. 1-4.

U. S. NAV. AIR STA., PACILLAC, FRANCE—All ex-gobs, gold stripes and Masons are requested to write to Ernest W. Anderson, R. R. 2, Box 519, Kansas City, Kans., to start a letter reunion.

U. S. NAV. AIR STA., PORTO CORSINO, ITALY—Proposed reunion of all officers and men. D. Edwards Lepore, Box 99, Fayville, Mass.

COAST GUARD VETS.—To contact other veterans and to complete roster, report to N. J. Schank, 3241 N. Ashland av., Chicago, Ill.

NATL. *Tuscania* SURVIVORS ASSOC.—Annual convention and reunion, Kenosha, Wisc., Feb. 5. Fred A. Scholey, pres., 6632 Twentieth av., Kenosha.

DEPT. OF PENNSYLVANIA, A. L., will hold its convention in Erie, Pa., Aug. 16-18. All veterans outfits, especially 28th, 79th and 80th Divisions and other Pa. units, are invited to hold reunions at that time and place. Allan H. MacLean, chmn., reunions comm., 713 Plum st., Erie.

A. I. F.—All ex-members of the A. I. F., residing outside of Australia, are requested to report to R. D. Hadfield, editor, *Reveille*, official publication of the Returned Sailors and Soldiers' Imperial League of Australia, Wingello House, Angel Place, Sydney, Australia.

WHILE we are unable to conduct a general missing persons column, we stand ready to assist in locating men whose statements are required in support of various claims. Queries and responses should be directed to the Legion's National Rehabilitation Committee, 600 Bond Building, Washington, D. C. The committee wants information in the following cases:

19TH ENGRS., Co. F—Jack ROBINSON, Jack HEENESSY, Mike WINISKY, MULROONEY, JONSEY, DOREN and others who recall David J. BARRY receiving wound behind ear, at Ouoline, France, out-

side of Lyons, during Jan. or Feb., 1918. Treated at camp hospital.

7TH AMMUN. TRAIN, Cos. A and G—Former comrades who recall Thomas T. BRESLIN contracting flu while on hike to Camp Meunon and being treated in field hospital. Heart condition discovered at Camp Upton at time of discharge.

151ST INF., Co. H, 38TH Div.—Cpls. MILLER and BOYCE and others who recall foot disability of Frederick S. CLARK while training at Camp Shelby, Miss., Sept., 1918, and also treatment at Camp Mills, L. I., Oct., 1918.

R. T. C., ST. SULPICE, FRANCE—2d Lt. J. L. ROBINSON, R. O. T., and others who recall James W. DAVIS, engineer, slipping on deck of engine and injuring arm, July 3, 1918.

CAMP HOSP., CAMP GREENE, N. C.—Nurse Mary K. CLARY, spinal meningitis ward, 1918, also others, who recall Frank DESKINS, Co. H, 7th Inf., 3d Div., as patient.

1ST F. A., BTRY. D, FT. SILL, OKLA., 1917-1919—Former officers, medical officers and men, especially 1st Sgt. COBB, Cpl. CASSIDY and Btry. Clerk Freddie LITTLE, who recall disabilities suffered by Pvt. Arthur I. GREENFIELD.

2d F. S. BN., 1ST Div., July-Dec., 1917—Officers and men who recall Sgt. Carl HAMILTON being unable to drill with mounted troops account rheumatism; also med. offer. Radio School, 2d A. I. C., Tours—Capt. HARNING, Adj. CLARK, Lts. E. H. DAVIS and DUDLEY, Sgt. BICKNELL and others who remember HAMILTON falling into ditch, spraining ankle and hip, Nov. 11-23, 1918. 48th Aero Sqdn., Tours—Sgts. KEELER and CHANLER, med. offer. and others who recall same injury to HAMILTON.

1020 INF., Co. E, 26TH Div.—Men who recall George Richard HOLLAND, Pvt., being gassed Nov. 10, 1918, at Verdun.

M. T. C. 304—Maj. Henry BEEUWES and others who recall William L. KELLER injuring hand while assisting in construction of garage at St. Nazaire, Dec. 21-22, 1917.

313TH ENGRS., Co. C—Comrades of Cpl. Alfred L. KNUTSON, deceased, can assist widow in establishing claim.

BASE HOSP., FT. TOTTEN, N. Y.—Melvin M. JONES, Charles NEWHART, Benjamin F. HOLSHOE and others who recall Benjamin F. LEATHERMAN as patient with measles, Nov., 1918.

20TH ENGRS., 42d Co.—Lt. Edward F. PERY and HERMAN I. MEYER, med. corps, and others who recall Edwin A. MILLER being sick with flu, July, 1918, and kept in tent at Sabres, France, because camp hospital was filled with patients.

BOWEN, Milton W., alias Milton SMITH—light brown hair, fair complexion, blue-gray eyes, about 175 lbs., 5 ft. 11 in., born Delmont, Md., Aug. 19, 1899.

Mental case being transferred from St. Elizabeth's Hosp., Washington, D. C., to Vets. Hosp. at Palo Alto, Calif., Jan., 1932. Disappeared en route and not heard from since.

PRESLEY, Alice, widow of Cleye PRESLEY, Pvt., Co. D, 317th M. G. Bn. Information wanted regarding whereabouts of Mrs. PRESLEY, formerly of Detroit, by deceased veteran's dependent father.

RIFEN, Dale Alexander—Marine Corps, Oct. 16, 1918, to Feb. 10, 1920. Missing since Dec., 1921, when he was in Cincinnati, Ohio. Mother needs aid in establishing claim.

464TH PONTON TRN. ENGRS., MONTIGNY, FRANCE—Capt. GOONMAN and others, including Charles E. DEVANEY (also injured), who recall Ernest L. ROBERTS being shell-shocked and gassed, Nov. 8, 1918, when six horses he was driving were all killed by explosive shell.

37TH and 640TH AERO SQDRNS.—Medical offer. at Field No. 7, U. S. Air Trng. Center, Issoudun, France, Mar., 1918, can assist Ellis H. ROBERTS, cpl., 640th Sqdn., with claim.

U. S. S. Nerues—Richard M. ROLEY, former seaman and H. A. 1st cl., who treated Virgil SPRY for rheumatism aboard ship, 1918-19.

1ST ENGRS., Co. B, 1ST Div.—Sgts. ARNOLD and THOMAS, two men named HAMILTON and others who recall severe concussion from shell fire suffered by Emil P. KELLER, during Meuse-Argonne Offensive.

89TH CAS. Co., DEPOT BGDE., CAMP PIKE, ARK.; Co. M, 1ST REGT., INF. REPLACEMENT; 15TH Co., SEPT. REPLACEMENT; 329TH INF., Co. I; 1st Prov. BN., 37TH Div.—Former comrades who recall disability to Chris R. PETERSEN, now deceased, can assist father with claim. Had suffered general paralysis and loss of speech. Also offers. and men of Base Hosp. 54, Le Mans, Base Hosp., Savenay, Gen. Hosp. 43, and Natl. Soldiers Home, Hampton Roads, Va., can be of help.

357TH INF., Co. I—Capt. D. O. BELEW and others who recall Jules DUHAMEL being gassed, Meuse-Argonne, Oct. 16-Nov. 11, 1918.

5TH ENGRS., Co. C, 7TH Div.—Comrades who recall Cecil L. LEAY suffering from ear trouble, Dec. 1, 1918-Mar. 24, 1919.

DAVIS, Neil R., veteran, 43 yrs. old, light brown hair, blue eyes, sallow complexion, 5 ft. 5 in., 120 lbs., scar right mastoid operation, false teeth. Mental patient, North Little Rock, Ark., Nov. 14, 1922, until Sept. 4, 1933, when he escaped. Missing.

NAV. AVIATION STA., HAMPTON ROADS, VA.—Men who assisted in moving large seaplane on pier, spring, 1918, after heavy rain, to help Walter J. DOUGLASS.

JOHN J. NOLL
The Company Clerk



The First Americans

(Continued from page 29)

The touring Legionnaire will visit the Mound City Park with mingled emotions at what he sees. Many ramshackle old cantonment buildings have not yet been wrecked or tumbled down; he may have personal remembrance of some of them. Or, if he never roused to any bugle calls here, the shacks will put him in mind of other cantonments enough like Camp Sherman's to stir vivid memories. Across the road the huge new buildings of a Federal reformatory rise; and the fields about are farmed by young men who spend their nights in those dormitories inside of high-wire corrals.

Then suddenly you see the mounds, a whole flock of them. They change the modern scene to reminders of the prehistoric past, an America of before the days of the Indian. Upon the eastern skyline the bulk of Mount Logan is a landmark, that same massive ridge which is familiar from its picture on the Ohio State seal.

To go from here to Columbus isn't a

bad idea. Head for the State House and after you reach it keep on north down the main thoroughfare until you reach the campus of Ohio State University. The first building on your left as you approach the campus is a place worth marking for a visit. It is the Ohio State Archaeological and Historical Museum. Here are hundreds of prehistoric relics dug from the mounds, the largest and best collection of the sort in America. Here, too, are miniature models of outstanding Ohio mounds. Look them over and make your choice about where to head next.

My choice was to have a look at Serpent Mound. It was a fortunate experience to reach it just as the sun was going down, and to view that strange effigy by twilight. Its length is 1,335 feet. Why I got to reflecting that it is longer than the Empire State skyscraper is tall I can't attempt to explain. The great snake coils along a hill-top. In a horseshoe bend below, serving as a natural moat, (Continued on page 62)

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The First Americans

(Continued from page 61)

is Brush Creek. The cliff below the head of the serpent is a hundred feet high. This is no burial mound; the best suggestion archaeologists can offer is that the serpent is a symbol of some "religious significance." The head appears to be about to swallow an egg; the tail is coiled. If you can figure out accurately what it all means you'll have an edge on Napoleon, when he stood before the Sphinx in Egypt, with his head bowed in deep thought and his left hand stuck under his coat lapel. Serpent Mound may be far older than the Sphinx. And it is just as much of a riddle.

All possible facilities are provided for the investigator to do his thinking and observing here to the best possible advantage. There is a high steel observation platform placed where you can view the whole length of the snake from head to tail. Many thousands of feet have worn paths alongside the convolutions of the body of the serpent. The path around the coils of the tail is worn down by little feet. The youngsters start following the coil, and run around it breathlessly to the tip of the tail, like marbles in a pigs-in-clover puzzle.

I hazard that you'll pause and ponder here for quite a while. And also that you may arrive at one conclusion which is the same as mine—that though this may be a "symbol of religious significance" it also has significance as a fortress. Who knows? Maybe the whole design is nothing more meaningful than the old Greek conventionalized design of the egg and dart, symbols of life and death. Some Mound-builder general, who also had a taste for the artistic, may have decided to build a breastworks on this promontory, a defensive parapet which should be ornamental as well as useful. Certainly, every inch of it, from the coiled tail to the egg at the other end, could work full time as a rampart if ever the place was menaced by invaders.

FROM the Serpent Mound you may go on to Fort Ancient, near Lebanon, Ohio. It isn't a "burial tumulus" either! There can be no shadow of a doubt that it is a prehistoric fortress, and probably the greatest of the kind in the world. Its defensive earthwork walls extend for three and a half miles. At places they reach a height of fifteen feet.

One more of Ohio's attractions I would urge you not to miss. Even if you are hurried, take time to go on and see Miamisburg Mound.

Most of the mounds you will visit rise from river valley flats or on plains. The Miamisburg Mound offers something quite different in the way of a site. A sign on the Dixie Highway as you reach the southern edge of the city of Miamisburg points you to a side road and tells you to follow it for a mile to reach the mound. The road climbs steadily all the way, out of the

suburbs and into the countryside, until a panorama of the whole town and the farm lands around it unrolls below you.

And there, upon the flat top of that lofty hill, the Miamisburg Mound rises majestically, a steep-sided cone breaking the straight line of the horizon. Majestic is the word for this mound; the landscape architect who chose this site was a man who knew where to plant his monument to make it tremendously effective. All alone on that hillcrest, a man-made hill as the summit of a natural hill, it is a sight worth traveling far to admire.

This is a huge mound, eight hundred feet around the base and nearly seventy feet tall. Among conical mounds the one at Moundville, West Virginia, is the only one of greater size. Miamisburg Mound is all the more striking in beauty because it is well preserved, and because the trees which have planted their roots in its sides have been thinned out enough to enable you to see the outline of the slopes without difficulty. (Moundville might well take a hint from this. In the summertime the foliage almost hides the West Virginia champion from view.)

Only a little exploring has been done in the Miamisburg Mound. Some years ago diggers discovered a few feet down from the summit a skeleton, facing the sunrise. At first, they planned to remove it, but fear that it would crumble deterred them. So the old king, or whoever he was, sleeps on in the place where for hundreds of years he has greeted the morning sun. The earth displaced here was carefully restored and no further exploring is contemplated. The plot is surrounded by a high wire fence so that picnickers will not tear the turf into furrows trying to clamber to the peak. It is now an Ohio State Park.

The hero of the occasion is Charles F. Kettering, known to you as the engineer who gave you Delco lights and the self-starter for automobiles. He is a citizen of Dayton, President of the General Motors Research Corporation and Vice-President of the General Motors Corporation. You may have read his biography recently; and if so can recall that he was described as a "monkey-wrench scientist" who enjoys putting his money to work to advance the education and the comfort of mankind. One of the happiest thoughts he ever had, one to stand to his memory for many a century, was when he purchased and presented to the State of Ohio this monument of prehistoric American builders.

The Mound covers two acres. Around it are farm lands upon which hunters are forbidden to range—protected as a state bird and game sanctuary. Few houses are near; few cars pass up and down the road.

After such sights as these, could there be anything else in the way of Mound-builder works worth troubling to visit? There is! And something worth the lengthy journey

involved—which takes you almost as far as St. Louis. The most imposing group of mounds ever discovered, more than eighty in all, "probably a central gathering place of the tribes of the Mississippi Valley," clusters around a mammoth earthwork pyramid between the city of East St. Louis, Illinois, and Collinsville. Fifteen of these mounds have been preserved. The hero of the occasion is the State of Illinois, which spent \$50,000 to rescue them from destruction and guard them for the future in a 145-acre State Park.

MANY other mounds situated close by have almost vanished. Plows have leveled them. Farmers have chopped off the tops of some and used them as sites for houses or barns. Highways have sliced through others. But fifteen, at least, are saved, among them the Great Cahokia. At first sight you'll vow that the pyramid is a natural hill. But closer view quickly corrects that impression. The aprons, rising like shelves of a set-back skyscraper, are obviously of man-made construction; the forest trees which clothe the sides make it difficult to perceive the shape of the mound from a distance. What a task this was for primitive men! A sign at the base informs you that the work must have taken 2,458 men two years to construct; that the pile of earth amounts to more than a million cubic yards.

The neighbors call the pyramid "Monks' Mound." That name comes down to us from more than a hundred years ago when French Trappist monks dwelt upon its top. Many have been the vicissitudes of the pyramid. After its days of great glory, when it was the center of a Mound-builders' London or Paris, the Indians claimed it, then the pioneers, then the monks, then generations of farmers. How much of it has been washed away by the rains of centuries nobody knows. Today what remains is impressive enough. Here are the dimensions—more than a thousand feet long, more than 700 in width, more than a hundred feet high at the crest. It is far and away the largest of all the prehistoric earthworks; and far larger in base dimensions than the largest of the pyramids of Egypt.

U. S. Highway No. 40, the transcontinental road from Atlantic City to San Francisco Bay, cuts across the park right at the base of Monks' Mound, and passes the front door of an interesting small museum containing relics gathered from excavations in the neighborhood. To the south of the road many small mounds and two large fellows rise. There are official names for these two, which escape my memory; the neighbors call them "Fox Mound" and "Round Top." Beyond these are more mounds and what once was a lake—now, for some unexplained cause, going dry. This depression in the surface of the plain is

supposed to be the excavation from which the Mound-builders toted the earth which they piled up in their great pyramid. A sidelight of interest about the lake is the report from an aviator who declares that from aloft the shores take on the shape of an eagle with outspread wings. "Looks a good deal like that bird in the NRA flag," is his further comment.

You may spend a whole day in the Cahokia Mounds State Park and keep finding more things of interest. Or you may pause only for some eye-filling glimpses. Take time, at least, to climb to the highest

crest of Monks' Mound and peer west through the drifting haze of factory smoke toward the horizon line of the cities of East St. Louis, Illinois, and St. Louis, Missouri. You stand where a prehistoric American civilization once centered—and you look ahead toward a population center of a million or more moderns . . . This is the sort of thing you were promised when the tour began: Something to see, something to think about. Nobody knows the answers, but as was observed at the beginning, it's a grand opportunity to give your imagination a work-out.

Sailing, Sailing

(Continued from page 35)

need. We say that the Unknown Soldier, if he could speak, would ask our Government to show compassion and mercy upon the comrade who may have fought by his side.

"We believe he would say that it is little enough for the Government to take care of and hospitalize a veteran if he is in need of hospitalization and cannot reasonably provide it himself."

At the conclusion of the ceremonies the National Commander laid a wreath at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier, with those left by President and Mrs. Roosevelt. Wreaths from the various Departments and posts of the Legion joined with them to bank high against the pure white marble of the Tomb.

The exercises in the Amphitheater went out to the nation over the National and Columbia radio networks. In addition to the National Commander, Secretary of War George H. Dern spoke, emphasizing the fact that the United States has not only been a leading proponent of disarmament among the nations but as a practical example has cut its armed forces to such an extent that "it might even double the size of its Regular Army without being suspected of any motive except our own self defense."

Commander Rice W. Means of the Legion's Department of the District of Columbia presided at the exercises, and Miss Jessica Dragonette, noted radio soprano, sang, accompanied by the United States Marine Band under the direction of Captain Taylor Branson.

Pennsylvania Compensation

IF DETAILS are worked out as anticipated, payments of adjusted compensation by the State of Pennsylvania to its veterans of the World War, the Spanish-American War and minor conflicts, will start in the spring, as a result of the vote of the people on November 7th which authorized a \$50,000,000 issue of bonds. As this was being written, in late November, a bill had been introduced at a special session of the Pennsylvania Legislature to

enable the State to carry out the people's mandate. The bill was immediately passed by the House and, as this was written, was pending in the Military Affairs Committee of the Senate. The Pennsylvania Department of The American Legion expected the bill to become a law before Christmas, but pointed out that actual payments could not be made until the bond issue called for had been sold by the State to obtain the money needed.

The bill defined the act as the Veterans Compensation Act and provided for payments in the amount of \$10 a month, with a maximum of either \$150 or \$200. The amount of the maximum payment was expected to be determined by the two branches of the legislature while the bill was under consideration. Payments were to be figured from date of enlistment to date of discharge, but only men with sixty days or more of service would be eligible. Legal residence in the State of Pennsylvania at the time of enlistment is another eligibility requirement.

Roll Call

LEONARD H. Nason, author of "Happy New Year," is a member of Crosscup-Pishon Post of Boston, Massachusetts . . . Marquis James and Charles Phelps Cushing belong to S. Rankin Drew Post of New York City . . . Arthur Van Vlissingen, Jr., is a member of Lake Bluff (Illinois) Post . . . National Commander E. A. Hayes is a member of Castle Williams Post of Decatur, Illinois, and Frank E. Samuel, National Adjutant, of Capitol Post of Topeka, Kansas . . . Philip Von Blon is a member of Wyandot Post, Upper Sandusky, Ohio . . . Abian A. Wallgren belongs to Thomas Roberts Reath Marine Post of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania . . . John Thomas Taylor is vice-chairman of the National Legislative Committee and a Past Commander of George Washington Post of Washington, D. C. . . James G. Harbord is a member of Louis E. Davis Post in Bloomington, Illinois, his birthplace . . . Bernhard Ragner belongs to Paris (France) Post.

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Four Square for the Four Point Plan

(Continued from page 31)

one of them had his compensation cut at least ten percent, and I am putting it conservatively when I say that the majority suffered a fifty percent reduction. In literally thousands of cases of arrested tuberculosis, for example, it was fifty percent. Amputation cases—and this class is almost wholly battle casualties, men for whom the war will never be over—suffered in many cases a slash of up to seventy percent. So heartbreaking were the results of the announcement of this policy and so vehement were the protests from all parts of the country that it was deemed expedient to restore a portion of what had been lopped off.

The Legion insists—and it cannot be emphasized too strongly—that these men disabled in line of duty shall again be paid in actual dollars and cents the same amounts they were paid prior to last March 20th. So much for Number One of our Rehabilitation Program.

With regard to hospitalization, the second point in our program, it is the Legion's belief that to the extent of present capacity Veterans Administration hospitals should be open to honorably discharged veterans not reasonably able to pay for treatment. This belief in the responsibility of the national Government is grounded in the fact that the veteran served the nation as a whole rather than a particular locality or State in 1917 and 1918, and that therefore the job of restoring him to a measure of his former health and efficiency is essentially one to be undertaken by the nation. It is a fact easily demonstrable that the financial burden on the mass of the country's population in opening the Veterans Facilities to needy ailing veterans would be much smaller than the equivalent treatment given locally or by States. Those who are familiar with operation of Veterans Administration hospitals say that it costs virtually as much to maintain these hospitals under present conditions, when they are only partially filled, as it would if every last bed were occupied.

Opponents of the Legion's aim to provide Federal hospitalization to needy ailing veterans have made much of the fact that under the terms of the World War Veterans Act in effect prior to last spring a veteran who suffered injury or disease in civil life was eligible to treatment in a government hospital and to receive disability allowance under same conditions. This objection is plausible, but the fact of the matter is that in emergency cases where such injury was suffered the practice was invariably to take the injured person to the hospital nearest the place of accident. It should be emphasized here that the abuses

which grew out of the old legislation were inherent in provisions of the disability allowance law which the Legion never sought from Congress, and that our present program does not seek to allow veterans to enter government hospitals if they are financially able to pay for treatment elsewhere, or to permit those to enter who are not actually in need of hospital care.

Until the passage of the Act of March 20, 1933, the laws provided a presumption of service connection for certain types of disease of uncertain origin in point of time if they became manifest to a disabling degree prior to January 1, 1925. This was because of many inadequate discharge examinations, absence of official records, the difficulty of later securing medical and other evidence, and because of the tendency of men to minimize their ailments in the light of their anxiety to return to their homes and resume their civil life obligations.

The first of these presumptions was written into the statutes in August of 1921. Thus for twelve years these rights have

strutions and with the same type of cases, some boards retained only twenty-six percent while others retained as high as seventy-five percent of the presumptives on the rolls. In inverse ratio, some boards rejected seventy-four percent, while others rejected only twenty-five.

The Legion, as the third point in its Rehabilitation Program, seeks to restore every case to the class of service-connected where the Government cannot show that the disability did not actually and affirmatively arise after the veteran's discharge from service. Anything short of this would be a manifest injustice. For once the burden of proof should actually be upon the Government. No possible justification can exist for the Government to turn on sick men as to whom only existence of disease has heretofore been required and now impose upon them the obligation of producing proofs impossible to obtain.

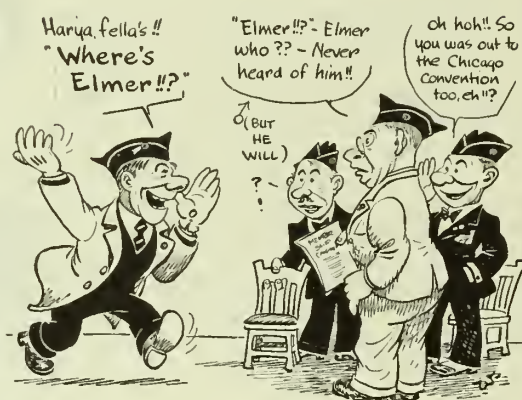
To the end that justice be done these men who were properly service connected under old laws the Legion pledges vigorous prosecution of their cause.

The Rehabilitation Program's fourth and final provision seeks to accord to those widows and children of World War veterans who are financially unable to care for themselves that same security the Government extends to families of deceased veterans of other wars. At the present time the Government pays certain sums monthly to widows and children of men whose death resulted from their service in the World War. We believe that the widow of any man who served honorably in the war should be granted at least fifteen dollars a month if she is in need, with a comparable amount for her minor children. It is a

matter of simple justice to extend to these households the protection which is now accorded to families of deceased veterans of earlier wars. Assistance now will prevent dissolution of families and instill courage to carry on despite the loss of the soldier-breadwinner husband and father.

This, then, is a somewhat sketchy account of the deplorable conditions imposed upon the disabled veterans by the legislation of last spring, conditions which the Legion proposes to see remedied. Nobody knows the full story of the tragedies that followed in the wake of the Economy Act, but it is certain that in tens of thousands of cases men and women who had proved their devotion to the nation through the highest type of service were suddenly forced into financial insecurity.

To the legislative accomplishment of this your Four-Point Program for our disabled comrades there must be full and complete knowledge and understanding, together with unanimity of action.



been in existence and should have been regarded as permanently fixed. During this period all that was required was that the existence of these long-time and frequently devastating diseases be shown within the legal period. Now with the lapse of time, a demand that proof of service connection be furnished by the veteran is a violation of fixed rights, a violation which the Legion cannot accept. Fifty-five thousand had service connection severed by the Government following the provisions of the Economy Act. Certain of these cases have had service connection restored after consideration by special boards set up under the Act of June 16th, but thousands of pitiful and worthy cases will remain without government help when the present review and appellate action has been completed. An understanding and sympathetic general public will readily see that there is something radically wrong with the system of special boards when it is made to understand that, working under identical in-

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